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**A WEEKLY JOURNAL
REFLECTING
THE INTERESTS
OF THINKING PEOPLE**

**WILLIAM MARION REEDY
EDITOR & PROPRIETOR**

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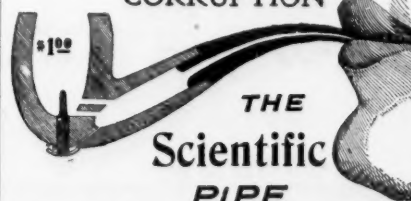
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"MARIUS THE EPICUREAN."

M. R. PATER'S novel with the title above is the subject of the essay called "A Golden Book," to appear in the next issue of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS. If the essay does no more than call to the attention of the reading public in this paper's field a piece of literature that reveals new beauties in the use of language, and gives a new light upon the way in which Christianity came to take hold on the Roman world, it will have fulfilled its purpose. The issues of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sold at 5 cents per copy. The series for a year, one every month, for 50 cents, payable in advance.

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LET US SWINK

FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR AND REFORM.

NOW is the time for us all to swink. There is a great demand for swinkers.

The World's Fair movement has been gingered up by the return to active duty of some of the more enthusiastic promoters of the project. Also some important citizens and interests, that have heretofore held back, have taken a running jump and landed into the thick of the fight for the Fair. Many other prominent citizens and interests are sure to be brought into line at an early date. It is hoped even that the Transit Company interest, that would make more money out of the Fair than any other interest or institution in the city, will fall into line. Mr. Edwards Whitaker wears such a pleasant smile these days, that he must surely be contemplating a handsome subscription by his company to the great cause.

First, of all the work to be done, the World's Fair movers must and will get them down systematically to the business of getting the people of the city and State to vote in favor of the Constitutional and Charter Amendments, enabling appropriations for the Fair. It is now a sure thing that the five million subscription will be completed in a very short time. The men who have lots of money and have not subscribed as heavily as many people have thought they should, will all come in, just as Mr. James Campbell has come in handsomely and taken a post of hard labor to atone for his past Laodiceanism. The popular subscription being assured, the adoption of the amendments must be secured. This is the task to which Mr. Campbell has addressed himself. It is no easy task. People do not usually pay much attention to amendments to charters and constitutions, even at special elections to pass upon them. They pay less attention to them when the amendments are submitted for approval at a general election. A vast number of voters do not vote on amendments at all. The people of the city and State must be made interested in the amendments between now and the day of election. They must be worked up to an interest that will last until they get into the voting booth. They must be told what the amendments are. Being Missourians, they must be "shown" how the amendments will be a good thing for the city and the State. Every voter in the State must be reached, in one way or another, and reached effectively. The importance of approving the amendments must be impressed upon every one, for if the amendments should fail of adoption, the city and State would be shamefully disgraced before the whole country. This work will be entered upon at once. It must be in full swing when the completion of the \$5,000,000 popular subscription is announced, as it should be within at least two weeks. The task of getting the people of city and State to approve the amendments is one in which every friend of the Fair can help. Every friend of the Fair in this city should start in on a sort of endless chain system of letters to friends in the State, and urge all he can reach to vote for the amendments, and to urge others to do so. In that way the country friends of the men in the city who are interested in the Fair can be enlisted in the cause. If the leading St. Louisans unitedly start out, each one urging some one he knows in the State to work for the amendments, and then to pass the word along to still others, there will be very few men missed. But that is only one scheme for reaching the people and awakening enthusiasm. There must be many others to make sure that failure can not come through the defects of any one plan. Every person who thinks he has a practicable plan for getting the Fair before the people and getting the amendments adopted should be heard. Nothing must be overlooked.

Therefore, it is becoming in every man who wants to see this city have a World's Fair to get out and swink.

Reform and World's Fair Hand in Hand

NOW that the World's Fair movement has started off right it seems that it is about time that the movement for reform in St. Louis should follow along the same lines. Nothing is more important to the success of the World's Fair than that there should be good government of St. Louis during the period of the World's Fair and for the period in which the work to put the city into shape for the World's Fair must be done. The reform movement and the World's Fair movement should, so far as possible, go hand in hand. The men who are interested in the success of the World's Fair should naturally desire good government and the proper expenditure of money in the general improvement of the city. The World's Fair movement is non-political. The city and its government will be no inconsiderable part of the World's Fair exhibit. Therefore, the city government should be conducted along the same general line of working for the common good as the World's Fair administrators will follow. The people who will put their money into the World's Fair are the people most interested in city government being of the best sort. Therefore, those people should take steps to secure such a city administration as would eliminate all the inefficiencies, extravagances and corruptions that go with political administration. City administration and World's Fair administration should be harmonious in the highest degree.

The World's Fair project must be kept out of politics, but it cannot be kept out of public affairs. Why do we want \$5,000,000 appropriated for the Fair, if not because we want to make a good showing as a city? If we give \$5,000,000 to the Fair, the money will be wasted if the city be not put in shape, as a city, to be in harmony with the beauty of the Fair. In asking the passage of Charter and Constitutional amendments, enabling appropriations for the Fair, it is made plain that the needs of the city in the way of bettering the community must be set forth. Those needs cannot be set forth without exposing the horrible conditions now prevailing in the city. Those conditions have grown up under joint political misrule by both the great parties. The logical way to eliminate the conditions and substitute better ones is to eliminate partisan government. The public movement in favor of the Charter and Constitutional amendments for the furtherance of the Fair merges naturally into a movement that shall have for its object the wiping out of the political gangs that have brought the city to its present plight. The men who see the need of a World's Fair must see the need of reform in St. Louis. Reform is one of the early, necessary steps to be taken to assure the success of the Fair. There should be a World's Fair candidate for Mayor, a candidate nominated on no other platform than that of improving the city and making it an appropriate setting for a World's Fair. Such a candidate, backed by men who have put up money and given of their time and energy to the promotion of the Fair, could and would be elected. The movement for reform must come from such men. It must have more or less intimate connection with the World's Fair movement. It must work along the lines of education and development suggested by the needs of the Fair. The amendments proposed point out our plight. They involve an object-lesson on the effects of depriving the city of Home Rule. They call for large expenditure and that expenditure should be honestly made. The men who ask for the money are in honor bound to see that the money is expended for work and not for salaries for heelers. The expenditures, in addition to the city's investment in the Fair, must be as much as the investment.

They, too, must be honestly made. The men who call for the expenditure should get together and see that men are elected to office who will see that the expenditure is properly conducted. The World's Fair movement calls for the reform movement. The World's Fair should keep out of politics, but politics should also be kept out of the World's Fair. The way to keep it out is to get together an independent non-partisan movement with, "for St. Louis" for a battle cry. The World's Fair movement is for the benefit of everybody, and during the World's Fair period the city government should be conducted along the lines of the World's Fair movement. Both should turn their faces against political spoilsism in the city during the World's Fair period. Both should co-operate to give to the world the spectacle of a city beautiful, well governed and public-spirited. It is time for public spirit to rise superior to partisanship. It is time for the World's Fair awakening to result in a moral awakening of the people. A reformed, efficient, economical city government would make the city itself the greatest exhibit of the Fair.

It is therefore time for able swinkers to begin to swink for Independent Municipal Reform, at the same time they are swinking for the World's Fair subscription and the World's Fair amendments. The people are ready for reform. They want it with the World's Fair. The swinking for reform must therefore begin simultaneously with the swinking for the amendments. W. M. R.

REFLECTIONS.

The Favorite

THE New York Herald says that the approaching election will be a landslide for McKinley. Maybe so. But the MIRROR is of the opinion that Mr. Bryan has a good fighting chance in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. One of the best posted men in New York journalism, best posted because he has been, until very recently, a Westerner, and, as such, can see things in New York that escape observation of New Yorkers by their very familiarity, tells the MIRROR that the tide in New York seems to be strongly for Bryan. There is a strong Bryan sentiment in New England, and the abolitionist fanaticism still rampant in Kansas is against imperialism. All over the country anti-trust sentiment is with Bryan and the trust is a thing that comes home to the voter much more powerfully than "glory" or "empire." The campaign, as it is now going, is plainly dominated by the Bryan influence. The Bryanites are on the aggressive all along the line and they are not saying much about 16 to 1 either. It is the MIRROR'S opinion, that if anything will beat William McKinley it will be the trusts, and if anything will beat William Bryan it will be some eleventh hour money-scare over free silver. Conditions may change between now and election day. If they do not change, and change to a very great extent, Mr. Bryan will be elected. It is the MIRROR'S impression that the Republicans, thus far, have been holding back their strength and that in a few weeks we shall behold such a hammer-and-tongs campaign on stump and in the press as was never seen before. The Democrats have been leading now one issue, now another, and successfully enough they have kept the Republicans guessing as to which is the paramount issue, but the Republicans have made a pretty good study of the leads and are getting ready not only to stop them, but to lead back hard and fast. It is but natural to suppose that the Bryanites will be pretty badly winded and in bad shape to meet an attack. The Democrats, however, are not quitters. They will be in the scrimmage to the last and there will surely be a cyclonic finish. Just at present, however, it seems to the observer from this office, that Mr. Bryan's chances are considerably better than those of Mr. McKinley. The gravest danger to Mr. McKinley's chances is the too numerous and too noisy Republican who goes about saying "its all over: McKinley will win in a walk!" The Republicans have got to be scared to win.

WHAT would Great Britain be without the Irish? Lord Roberts, who succeeds Lord Wolseley as Commander in Chief of the British Armies, is the son of an Irish father and a Tipperary mother. Lord Wolseley himself was born in Dublin. Lord Kitchener, too, is an Irishman. So are Generals French and Kelly-Kenny and many others. The Irish have done nearly all the more splendid fighting in the South African campaign—and they have had a queer pride in the knowledge that a great deal of the bravery pitted against them in the Boer camps was Irish. Take Ireland away from England and England might be leaderless in war. Take Ireland away from England, and thus destroy the Irish grievance, and there would be no influence hostile to England in any part of the world. Ireland is at the bottom of Anglophobia everywhere. This Anglophobia makes a public opinion which England is bound to respect. Irish opposition in every land keeps England moderately straight in her course. The desire to win the good will of other lands, where the Irish make hostile opinion, as in the United States, alone saves England from being exactly what the Irish agitators picture her. The Irish, therefore, are, in a way, the conscience of England. They keep England awake to watch Irish plottings. They keep agitating in Ireland in order that liberty may "broaden slowly down from precedent to precedent" in England. The Irish are in the English army because England never knows when it may need its army in Ireland. And the Irish, while glad enough to abuse and denounce and threaten England themselves, are strongly suspected of an impulse to resent any other person's doing the same thing. There's no small quantity of love concealed beneath the hatred of the Irish for the English. The English, in fact, hate the Irish much more fiercely than the Irish hate the English. But England without Ireland would not amount to much in war, peace, letters or anything else. Without Irish emigration England would have had no colonies to speak of. Without the Irish—but read Mr. W. A. Curtis' article on "The Anglo-Saxon Myth" on page 6 of this issue of the MIRROR, if you would know how little the "tight little island" would have amounted to but for the salvatory Celtic strain in its people.

The Outrage Season

THE season of outrage is upon us. Roosevelt is insulted. Then Mr. Overmeyer is insulted. A Democrat is rotten-egged somewhere. A Republican is pelted with dead cats somewhere else. And the organs make great noise showing that the acts are inherent in the influences of the policies of the party of the opposition. All of which is simply rot. Hoodlumism knows no party. Ruffians are of no party. And pickpockets pursue the prosperity propagandist no more faithfully than they follow the twanger of the harp that has but one string, and that the mournful, hard-luck story. No one will vote for Mr. McKinley because Mr. Roosevelt was insulted, or for Mr. Bryan, because Mr. Overmeyer was jeered and hissed. The newspapers waste space and ink and time in printing stories that those things are effective in making votes. The people are not wholly fools—even though they continue to read the newspapers.

Tissot's Pictures of Christ

TISSOT'S pictures of the scenes from the life of Christ are the feature of the St. Louis Exposition. Every person interested in art should see them. And it might do a great deal of good for persons not interested in their artistry to examine them and find out how little they know of the incidents of the great Atonement, through their inability to determine the subject matter of the majority of the pictures. As a show, the pictures are somewhat of a disappointment. They are too small. It is impossible to see them as they should be seen, with a magnifying glass, in a gallery in which the many-headed multitude pushes and jostles and chatters. The pictures, one imagines, would be much more effective if enlarged and projected by magic lantern on a screen. On the walls there are too many of

them to be studied. It is a hard task to get through the list of 450, stooping to see some and tiptoeing and craning the neck to see others. The pictures are certainly fine work of a kind, but equally as certainly they are not the great work they have been proclaimed to be. They seem to have been done for book illustration. They appear to lack atmosphere. Somehow, in a great many cases, they seem to lack vitality and deep feeling. The impression of mechanicalism comes strongly upon one,—probably because of the great number of examples. There is nothing impressive to any marked degree about any of them—and all of them together are bewildering. One cannot say that the art of Tissot is of the higher order. There is not much characterization, when one has looked over a great many and found the types repeated without variation and almost interminably. Here and there are some specimens of what a professional artist would call atrocious drawing. The color-tones are rather soft and pleasant to the eye, but they do not seem to accord well with one's impression from reading that the sun and air of Palestine make for vividness of color. The pictures that have halo effects—or effects of radiation from the personality of Christ—seem, to an untechnical observer, to be at variance with the alleged realism of the work in general. So far as the present writer could perceive from watching the people who look at the pictures on several evenings, it did not appear that the collection made much impression on the crowd. Most of the crowd just hastily took a pecking look at them here and there and passed by. It is my personal impression that M. Tissot has made a more than ordinarily gross failure in attempting to portray the face of Christ. In all reverence be it said that the gentleness and resignation which M. Tissot attempted to portray, become in his painting, a very weak, almost vacuous insipidity. Some of his rabble Jews, some of his lepers outside the city gates, some of his Pharisees and some of his priests are very much more strongly done, but, these fine specimens aside, the work in the total impression is cramped and scrimped and stunted. Be it said that these remarks are not written in any skeptic spirit, for the pictures were viewed by the writer fresh from the reading of "As Others Saw Him," a book by Joseph Jacobs, (Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1899), in which there is given a tremendously impressive portrait of the Christ as he appeared, or might have appeared to Meshullam Ben Zadok, a scribe of the Jews, A.D. 54. The scenes of the crucifixion, which one naturally would expect to be most powerful, seemed anaemic in conception and rendering. For the present writer's part, he must confess that he found considerably more of the spirit and feeling of true art in several of the surprisingly excellent scenes on the Mississippi, at St. Louis, by Prof. Sylvester, of the St. Louis School of Fine Arts. It is doubtful if any recent local painting has equalled the breadth and freedom and poetry of handling in the treatment of the big bridge, the old barges and wharves in Mr. Sylvester's collection. This may be Philistinism, blasphemy, defective temperament, or what not, but it is an honest opinion, which would, doubtless, be echoed by many observers if they could forget the religious tradition as an influencing factor in the appeal of the work of Tissot.

The Withdrawal From China

MUCH talk there is of the Government's policy of retiring from China. The Government is not retiring from China. It is withdrawing its troops from Peking, but it is leaving a regiment of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and a battery of artillery to guard the legation and protect American interests. Now if we are not still in the Chinese muddle it is impossible to determine where we are. If we are at peace with China, why should we have such a force of troops in the capital? Imagine such a force in Berlin or Paris "protecting American interests." There is enough of warlike force left at Peking to constitute occupancy and, in a way, to give a certain moral support to any warlike operations the other foreigners may undertake. And, besides, Manila, the point to which the main body of our army in China has retired, is not so very far away. We

shall be out of China when we are out of China, and not before. The withdrawal at the present time is suspiciously appropriate to the needs of the administration. What better argument could there be made than the showing that the withdrawal from China disproves the existence of any militaristic tendency in the administration. "Behold," says the administration—winking the other eye—"we are hauling down the flag! We will do the same in the Philippines when the time comes. We want no empire!" The withdrawal is an object lesson calculated to discover blow-holes in the structural work of the Kansas City platform. Wait and see if it is not as said.

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Teddy and the Trusts

THAT Col. Roosevelt has his opponents on the hip in the trust question is evident to anyone following his speeches. The gallant Colonel points to the fact that under his administration of the State of New York there was passed a drastic law taxing franchises. There was a smash at the trusts in their native lair. It was a blow delivered exactly on the solar-plexus of Wall Street. Its delivery required more courage in the man who recommended and signed the bill than is required by wild Western governors to bombard Wall Street at thousand mile range. When Col. Roosevelt signed the franchise tax law he did something which, under the circumstances, was braver even than his march up San Juan hill. That stroke of his pen hurt the gamblers and stock-waterers and fake financiers harder than all the speeches Mr. Bryan has made on the subject. It is too bad that Col. Roosevelt's running mate is not on record on the trust question in any way that means anything. It is too bad that Col. Roosevelt is not at the head of his party's ticket. Yea, even though he might be a twin for William Hohenzollern, as Mr. Lawrence Godkin has declared. Anything were better than this horrific predominance of Hanna in the mind of the country when anyone says McKinley. Roosevelt is Roosevelt, but what is McKinley, but the representative in little of the great but not "easy" Mark, of Ohio?

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The Prize-Fighters

ALL America grieves that Jim Corbett and his Vera have made up. Not that all America is not in favor of peace, but because the truce means, if not a *suggestio falsi*, at least a *suppressio veri*. Vera's name means truth, you know. And now that Jim has come back to her, Vera has lapsed into silence. She says no more about those put up jobs, those "fake knock-outs," those razzle-dazzles of the public in the roped arena. Love's lips upon the lips of Truth make the latter's murmurings, lies. But Vera has faith. She accepts Jim's explanation that he was "true to her," that the other woman "cut no ice" with him at all. Now Vera will take it all back, just as she has taken Jim back. Vera will say that she was "smoking" and talking in her sleep. And the dupes who are devoted to the "manly art" will get ready to put up more coin in order to be swindled. There have not been more than three prize-fights "on the level" in the last ten years, and there has not been, in the last five years, more than one prize-fighter who was "on the level" all the time,—even when going down hill—and his name is John Lawrence Sullivan. The general public has more respect for that old ruin to-day than it has for the whole ruck of "gentlemen" and "artist" and "polite" punchers.

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Hanna and Croker

THERE seems to be some truth in Mr. Dick Croker's remark, that Mr. Marcus Alonzo Hanna has lost his head. The Republican manager is talking too much and too defiantly and somewhat foolishly. But at the same time it is in order to remark that the intelligence of Mr. Dick Croker is shown by his big bets upon the election of Mr. Bryan. That's the way Croker thinks he is helping Bryan. Bets mean nothing. A bet is no argument, except that in this case it shows up the kind of man who wants Mr. Bryan to win, and therefore thinks he will win. Croker's backing of Bryan will not help Bryan, and it may hurt him.

Which shows that Mr. Croker is also losing his head, and stands a chance of losing his money.

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The Future of the Pacific

IN the recently published annual report of the Great Northern Railway Co., President J. J. Hill says that the growing Oriental trade has already reached the point where traffic is practically limited to the ships which can be secured to carry the commodities seeking an outlet to China and Japan. It has been known for some time that Mr. Hill, a far-sighted, energetic and progressive financier and railroad-magnate, is a great believer in our Oriental trade, and doing everything in his power to develop it. His railroad company is steadily increasing the number of its ocean-going steamers and at present reaping great pecuniary advantages from the transportation business to China and Japan. Other railroad companies, with a terminus on the Pacific Coast, are making preparations to follow the example set by Mr. Hill, and buying and contracting for vessels. Among them may be mentioned the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry. Co., which has now several large steamers plying between the Pacific coast and Oriental ports. All this confirms the impression that the Pacific Ocean has a great future. Our Oriental trade is still in its infancy. With the possible exception of Russia, there is no nation in the world occupying such a commanding and advantageous position, as regards trade with China and Japan (not to mention other Asiatic countries), as the United States. The present complications in China will, sooner or later, be adjusted in the proper manner. No matter what nation may come out on top, the consequences will be favorable to our commerce and industries. The opening of China, the spreading of civilization and Occidental ideas among the Celestials will increase the demand for our breadstuffs and manufactured products. As a prominent British diplomat remarked some time ago, one Chinese province is worth more than the whole Continent of Africa. The introduction of European civilization in China will give a tremendous impetus to the world's commercial and industrial development, and, in view of our boundless resources and mechanical skill and ingenuity, there can be no doubt that we will get the lion's share of the fruits of Chinese development. To look at the matter from such a standpoint may be gross materialism, yet it is common sense. Commercial advantages determine the world's politics at the present time. The idealist may deplore it, but the business man will profit by it. Materialism, after all, is the basis of idealism. Business activity and prosperity generate culture, science, art and literature. We should, therefore, welcome the prospective awakening of the Chinese Rip Van Winkle, and not look with jealous eyes at the efforts of various powers to gain the ascendancy. With China divided among England, Russia, Germany, France and Japan, our Oriental trade would increase by leaps and bounds, and our Western States would be less dependent on the East and Great Britain. A century hence, the ports of our Pacific coast may be equal in size and importance to New York, Boston and Philadelphia.

✽ ✽

Dred Scott Democrats

MR. DAVID B. HILL is a very foolish Democrat when he quotes the Dred Scott decision in support of the Bryanite position in the present campaign. Dred Scott politics will not go down with Americans. The men who profess Dred Scott politics and at the same time profess to revere and follow Abraham Lincoln are supremely absurd.

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Bread and the Circus

WE have come to the Roman degeneracy at last. Here's Hanna whooping up the full dinner-pail and Senator Clark of Montana going about in his campaign with a troupe of actors. If this isn't "bread and the circus" what can we call it?

✽ ✽

Sixto Lopez

MR. SIXTO LOPEZ has made a mistake coming to his country from the Philippines in order to help Mr.

Bryan. Mr. Sixto Lopez' friends are slaughtering American boys in Luzon, and his appearance on the stump in defence and support of a candidate who inferentially approves of the slaughter is apt to push the patience of the people to the breaking point. If Mr. Lopez wants to end the war he must pull off his fighters first. He cannot expect this country to refrain from meeting attack with force. Mr. Sixto Lopez on the stump for, and with, Mr. Bryan will, when the people get to thinking of the matter, injure the cause of Mr. Bryan.

✽ ✽

Is Kruger Coming?

THERE seems to be some mystery as to the movements of President Kruger, of the Transvaal Republic. He cannot do anything in Europe. His presence there, in any country, will be, for some time, a threat against the peace of Europe. Those who harbor him will be hostile to great Britain. This being the situation, it need not surprise anyone to learn that President Kruger is coming to this country. He ought to get here in time for the grand wind-up of the campaign. He could make a few speeches with Mr. Webster Davis and fittingly climax a canvas, in which there appears the representative of Filipino insurrection, and in which the free-silver plank got into the platform through the vote of a prince of the house of David of Hawaii. Kruger would be the greatest card the Democrats could lead—barring Aguinaldo.

✽ ✽

Cockran's Voice

SO Mr. Bourke Cockran's voice has failed. Too bad! But what would you? Any voice would fail, put to the strain of talking on all sides of a case. Orator Puff had two tones to his voice, but Mr. Cockran has only one tone and he tries to do the split with that, with the expected disastrous results. Mr. Cockran spoke to 15,000 people in Chicago, the other evening, for Bryan. He spoke to as many people against Bryan in this city, four years ago. In the Convention Hall here he shouted forty times, "Bryanism is disorder!" with a brogue that reminded one of "Corymeela and the warm, soft rain." "Bryanism is disorder!" What has come over Bryanism in the past four years to change the strain of Cockran's eloquence?

✽ ✽

To Defeat Judge Klein

HON. JACOB KLEIN is, probably, the ablest, as he certainly is the most widely respected, of the Circuit Judges of the City of St. Louis. His term is about to expire. To a suggestion that he be renominated for office, certain "leaders" of the local Republican party oppose the argument that he cannot be elected because of a decision he rendered. That decision was, in effect, that the ordinance limiting the acceptance of bids for city printing to individual printers or firms of printers using the Union Label was illegal, in that it excluded from the right to bid persons or firms competent to bid upon the work, and was a defeat of the principle, applied to all lettings of public work, of giving the contract to the lowest bidder. The ordinance gave undue preference to certain contractors of public work. The Republican "leaders" say that the Labor vote will defeat Judge Klein. Whether it will defeat him or not, remains to be seen. Judge Klein should be renominated. No Judge should be punished by any party for an honestly rendered opinion, that is at once sound law and equal justice. The best judges of the law in the bar of St. Louis agree that Judge Klein's decision was in accordance with the true principles of law, and in accordance with the best interests of the city. Judge Klein is the one jurist in whom the people of the city, without regard to party, have the fullest confidence. His is the court in which the political shyster and the scheming Central Committeeman have no "pull." His decisions are those by which most lawyers are willing to abide without appeal. His court is the court in which the best lawyers prefer to try their finest cases. Shall he be "turned down" because he had the courage to render an opinion that he well knew would injure his chance of renomination and re-election? Can

the Republican party afford to sacrifice a judge for doing exactly that thing for which, from time immemorial, judges have been most praised for doing,—rendering decisions without fear or favor? If so, then an honest man is not what the Republican party wants on the Circuit bench. If Judge Klein be "rolled" in the Republican convention, then we shall read plainly in that action a declaration by the local Republican party that it wants on the bench in this city men whose decisions and verdicts will be for sale for cash or for votes. The Labor vote, if there be a Labor vote, and if it have any intelligence, cannot punish a judge for interpreting the law as it exists. If the Labor vote contemplates punishing Judge Klein, it also contemplates intimidating other judges into rendering decisions as the Labor vote wants them, not as the law dictates. Labor leaders who fight Judge Klein for his decision in the Union Label case are anarchists of the reddest stripe and they attack the very foundation of good government. They do what they claim the corporations do. They would defeat Judge Klein just as the corporations defeated the nomination of John M. Wood for the Court of Appeals, because he decided a case against a Transit Company lawyer. They want to corrupt justice. Such men, with such intentions, are enemies of society. No party believing in honest courts should truckle to such men. No party professing belief in honest government can afford to "throw down" an honest man on the ground of his honesty. Judge Jacob Klein should be renominated by the Republicans. And if the anarchists, who want to bulldoze the courts into their conceptions of law—conceptions that, applied to affairs, would strangle liberty and make for a brutal tyranny—are to make a fight upon Judge Klein for re-election, he should receive the vote of every man in St. Louis who realizes that an honest judiciary is our only salvation from the vilest political, financial and social corruption. Every honest, thinking man in St. Louis should stand by Jacob Klein.

What's the Matter With St. Louis?

THIS story shows one of the things that are the matter with St. Louis. A wealthy man bought another wealthy man's residence in Forest Park boulevard. The purchaser talked of decorating the house. A local decorator called upon him to get the contract for the decoration. The wealthy man said he wouldn't have the work done by St. Louisans; he would have it done by a New York firm. The St. Louis decorator retired. Next thing he heard about the decoration was, when a certain New York firm of decorators commissioned him to go out and decorate the house of the man who would not listen to a St. Louis proposition, and to send his bill therefor to the New York firm. The St. Louis decorator did the work for what he originally offered to do it. He got that much from the New York concern. He is wondering what the wealthy householder in Forest Park boulevard must have paid the New York concern for the St. Louis workmanship he had repudiated. This thing of going to New York for things that can be obtained as good and as cheap in St. Louis hurts the town in every way. It advertises the miserable opinion of St. Louis held by St. Louisans. It discourages effort and enterprise. It exposes the cheap skate-ness of the men who do the discriminating. It lays the swell snobs open to the most rapacious charging. It invites the Easterners to make such duffers' houses temples of the most villainous taste. Other things being equal, every man ought to patronize home industry. But that is a doctrine that cannot be beaten into the solid bone heads of the new-rich in St. Louis. They prefer to be swindled and robbed and sneered at in the East. And then they wonder that the people of the East don't know that St. Louis is on the map.

Recognition

'TIS the old, old difficulty in the case of the great anthracite strike. The miners want recognition of the Union. The operators have agreed to advance wages and

redress other grievances. The miners will hold out for recognition. Non-union men will step in and get the advanced wages and easier conditions of labor. The Union men will fade away from the scene of their attempted unionizing, and, probably, become scabs against other striking Union men in other places. Recognition of the Union will never be freely granted by employers until some way is provided by law for holding the Union to a contract as an employer can be held. The Union is absolutely and utterly irresponsible, and the merchants and manufacturers and transportation companies can hardly be blamed for withholding recognition. A Trades Union can, at the whim of some lunatic or ignoramus, order a strike that is without cause, and ruin a great business, and the law cannot reach him. The individual, or corporation employer, can be made to answer for any wrongs at the bar of public opinion. A just strike puts him in his proper light before the people. But a Union cannot be reached for an unjust, ruinous strike. Unions will be recognized when they shall have some guarantee in themselves that they are responsible for their actions, and can be made to carry out their agreements.

Uncle Fuller.

THE WOLF-PRESS.

HOW THE NEWSPAPER TRUST BLACKMAILS THE EXPOSITION.

IS there a newspaper trust in St. Louis? There is. It is composed of the *Globe-Democrat*, *Republic*, *Post-Dispatch* and *Star*. This trust, as the MIRROR said last week, is "knocking" the Exposition. This trust has not only raised the advertising rates on that institution, but has cut down the size of the articles treating of the Exposition as a matter of news. On September 21st, Mr. M. J. Lowenstein, Secretary of the St. Louis Newspaper Publishers' Association, informed the President of the Exposition that "transient amusement rates" would apply to "the Exposition and theatrical attractions booked there." The rates for all the newspapers of the Association would be 25 cents a line daily, and 30 cents a line Sunday. All bills must be payable weekly. The raise on the daily rate was from 15 cents, and on the Sunday rate in proportion. In previous years the Exposition had been regarded as a permanent amusement. The new management, this year, sent in their advertising on the supposition that the old rate remained. The advertising was printed. The increase in the bills presented prompted a query for the reason. Then the Exposition management was told that the trust had raised the rate. The increase of the cost of advertising each weekday and Sunday for the period of the Exposition was enormous. An endeavor was made to induce the trust to return to the old rate. The Exposition's plea against the exactions of the trust was a strong one. It may be summarized here to show how the local newspaper trust fosters a public enterprise. It may be proper to assert that one reason, unofficially given, for the rapacious raise was that the Transit Company had gobbled the Exposition and could afford to pay exorbitant rates, as "the price of silence."

The St. Louis Exposition is owned by some 1,600 different stockholders and more than 80 per cent of the stock is owned by those liberal and patriotic citizens and firms, who, seventeen years ago, took their stock at \$25 per share, in payment of their subscriptions to the Exposition fund. The St. Louis Transit Company, by purchase and absorption of the different railway lines, became possessed of the Exposition stock owned by the various lines that subscribed to the original Exposition fund. And all this stock now held by the Transit Company amounts to but 5 per cent of the total stock. With this exception of the absorption of the street railway holdings, there have been no sales or transfers of any consequence for years. The books show this fact very plainly. When the Coliseum was projected and built in 1896-97, \$150,000 of bonds being voted for that purpose, it was found that the cost of the Coliseum exceeded calculations; and the floating debt incurred and the

interest accumulating upon it and upon the bonds, together with other complications, brought the management so heavily into debt that it was proposed, in January last, to abandon the Exposition and Coliseum and turn the site over to the Library Board.

But many public-spirited citizens did not wish to see the enterprise abandoned. It had done much good for the city, and could do more. It had been an aid to business interests, and had been a source of popular delight. These men would not let such an institution die. A reorganization was effected, three members of the Board of Directors, whose stock represents only their subscriptions to the original fund, furnishing financial aid in the shape of guarantees of indebtedness. The Exposition that was to have been abandoned was put in shape within a few months, and is now running successfully, despite the attempt to kill it. With practically no time in which to prepare for it, the Seventeenth Annual Exposition is an astonishing demonstration of the folly of the proposal that it be abandoned. It is good for years to come, with good management. Yet, this being the case, the local newspaper trust, knowing that the concern is doing well to catch up with old obligations, regarding not the idea that the Exposition is a great public benefit to the community, "boost" their rates outrageously, with desire to grab the cash on hand and, so far as possible, interfere with the prompt settlement of other obligations. Nothing more wolfish has been seen in this community in a long, long time. The prohibitive rates in advertising directly impairs the efficacy of the Exposition as an attraction to draw people to this city during two beautiful autumnal months. The enforced cutting down of advertising diminishes the number of fall visitors and, consequently, the number and value of the fall purchases from St. Louis merchants, whose advertising supports the newspaper trust. Will the merchants, whose advertising accounts support the newspaper trust, tolerate such a conspiracy of avarice against the public interest? The Exposition is the excuse that local railroad representatives have for making reduced rates into this city for two months each fall. Kill off the Exposition and there would be no such reduced rates, and we should see no more of the fall crowds; we should see no more crowded stores; we should see no more big advertising flares in the newspapers at this season. Cripple the Exposition, by making publicity thereof enormously costly, and the newspaper trust will drive the fall crowds to Kansas City and Chicago. The newspaper trust would simply, to line its own purse, inflict a great paralysis upon this city's fall trade.

The Exposition management has pleaded with the trust, composed of the *Globe-Democrat*, *Republic*, *Post-Dispatch* and *Star*, for some mercy. The Exposition wants a return to the old rates, at least until the enterprise can be placed squarely upon its feet. But no. The newspaper trust wants to grab the ready cash in the Exposition treasury and wants to grab it more quickly by swelling the bills, regardless of the fact that the trust's swollen bills mean a delay in the settlement of debts owed to other people. The newspaper trust will get its increase of 10 cents per line or deprive the Exposition of the means of wide publicity. The fact that the newspaper trust, in pursuing this course, is working to the diminution of its share of general local advertising, does not excuse, but only emphasizes the trust's meanness. If the Exposition is to be killed, the newspaper trust will do the killing. But the people at large, loving the Exposition and realizing its high utility, do not want the Exposition killed. They should rebuke the newspaper trust for its extortioning hostility to a public enterprise. If the newspaper trust, to "wolf" the Exposition, is willing to destroy the city's fall business, the merchants who have done the fall business in the past should withdraw their advertising from the trust papers. All the newspapers engaged in "wolfing" the Exposition denounce trusts. Yet they are a trust. It is no wonder that the people believe the press of the country is bought up by wealth for the exploitation and enslavement of the people. Who can blame the people for distrusting a press that deliberately sets out to ruin, for its own gain, an enterprise that has fostered the prosperity

upon which the owners of that press have built large fortunes?

And how much this raising of newspaper trust rates of advertising upon an institution just struggling into solvency savors of *blackmail*? "Pay our raised rates," says the newspaper trust, "or you can't win out! Kick at the rates and we'll damn your show. We control the access to the public ear and can smother your protest. You can't get a hearing. We all stand together and will print nothing for you. Cough up or be 'busted' by being roasted or ignored!"

Is there anything more dangerous to the interests of a city than a combination of newspapers, apparently rivals, that can crush any enterprise or ruin any man that will not come to its terms? W. M. R.

THE "NEW JOURNALISM."

HOW IT STRIKES A NEW YORK OBSERVER.

[FOR THE MIRROR.]

THE hardest condition of living in New York is that one is obliged to read the newspapers which, with a few exceptions practically ignored by the great public, victoriously exploit the ethics of the "new journalism." Of these ethics the cardinal canon seems to be—*Give the public what it wants to read.* After a careful collation of the leading exponents of this journalism, I am forced to believe that the public desire falls under the following heads, in about the order given:

Class A—Degenerates and all criminals of sexual motive.

(Subdivision)

Vile Women and their Panders.

Class B—Prizefighters and plug-uglies.

(Subdivision)

Their lady friends.

Class C—People of the stage.

(Subdivision)

Moths and Johnnies.

Class D—The Many-dollared society.

(Subdivision)

Its paretics and *divorcées*.

Class E—Stock gamblers, plungers, jockeys, touts, fakirs.

I am aware that the list here given will be challenged by all who decline to hold with Professor Max Nordau, in his view of human degeneracy. I can only defend my list on the ground of good faith. I am not attached to it and should gladly modify it, did the facts so warrant. It does not afford me even the melancholy pleasure which the alienist derives from his painful investigations. All that I care to say for it is, that it embodies the results of a thorough reading, covering a period sufficient for every just purpose of comparison.

It is, perhaps, subject to criticism with respect to the order of its classification, but (I beg to say) not as touching its integrity.

I am astonished that there should be comparatively so little crime in a city which is thus, as it were, self-convicted of degeneracy through the testimony of its favorite newspapers. Let it be borne in mind, also, that by far the greater proportion of this New York public reads nothing else. It is frightful to think of minds nourished in all their evil tendencies by such a diet, skillfully varied from day to day, yet always making its insidious appeal to the baser instincts of human nature. Such a community, one would think, must be a seminary of every public and every private vice. The objects of its admiring emulation are those of the category given above, which are set forth with unwearied industry by a mercenary and fulsome press. Is it a matter of surprise that we find wives seeking to break the conjugal yoke, libertines seeking a new thrill, through the interested agency of these newspaper cantharides? Do not some of them openly conduct departments of assignation, notwithstanding that their advertising columns shock the eye with their crude depiction of the perils of venery? Should we turn up our eyes with horror at the frequency of divorce in a community which makes a heroine of the false wife, to the humiliation of all virtuous women? Are not the *horizontales* of the stage flaunted every day with prurient text and picture in the faces of the desiring public? Does not the shortest road to a successful, dramatic career lie through the bagnio and the divorce court? Is it not certain

that in, a majority of cases, the woman of virtue and talent will fail, while the woman of vice and enterprise will succeed, through methods well known to this debauched press? The former gets a cold word or is absolutely ignored. The latter, by every flamboyant device known to the procurers of journalism, is kept before the public, and often actually *clauqued* into success.

With its principles known, we need not admire at some of the fruits of the new journalism. That, in a dull season, with its favorite degenerates and *horizontales* undergoing needed treatment, it sometimes rises to the bold originality of instigating crime, in order to confound the police or secure a "beat" on a contemporary, is well attested matter of fact. It assumes the sponsorship for fake fights and connives at cheating the brutalized public—an act savoring of virtue for which it deserves no credit. It listens at the key-hole and hides behind the commode. It has affixed an indelible stigma to a profession which once opened a way of promise to young men of talent and ambition.

But it is especially in the literary performances that the new journalism maintains its claim to be the most characteristic product of the American era. Characteristic of a truth, if, as some philosophers contend, ours is only a bastard civilization. The professors of the new journalism, using many dialects, are yet nescient of English. Each department is writ in a distinct lingo, the most odious and disgusting being the social twaddle—patterned on the English style, it is said, though I do not believe we owe the English so ill a turn. It is at any rate re-enforced with so much Yankee ignorance and gall and shoddyism that the model cannot be traced. The horrible invasion of domestic privacy, the nauseating patter of *lingerie* reporters, the itemized description of "society beauties," down to their skin, the peeping into bed rooms and baths and closets, all the vulgarities of the reporter's pencil, all the atrocities of the newspaper camera—these things are our very own and let not the glory of them be denied us. Here, also, are two specimen exhibits illustrating the journalism of the day, which cannot be referred to an exotic source:

A woman who has written a dozen bawdy novels that have been the undoing of many a silly factory girl, is charged by one of these newspapers with the congenial duty of editing a department of advice and consolation for the mismated, or for those who seek to compass their joy by irregular means. It would not be easy to determine whether this lady's engagement leads to more sins against the Sixth Commandment than against the English language.

A plug-ugly, just now in high favor with the low fore-heads of the town, is featured by another enterprising journal as the author of his own love story, conceived in the familiar vein of vulgarity and blackguardism. The plug-ugly is paid a big sum for the use of his illustrious name; a hackwriter does the rest.

If there be, as alleged, a degeneracy in American manners and principles, I believe the most pernicious agency to that evil end has been and is the type of American newspaper here considered; which panders for profit to the most unworthy elements in society, reckless of results so that it exact its tribute from all; which glorifies the prize-fighter, and the prostitute and raises a *Carmagnole* for the setting-up of vice and the cutting-down of virtue; lastly, which, in the judgment of honest men, has caused far more crime than, with all its vaunted skill and resource, it has either detected or brought to punishment.

To save this true picture from the charge of exaggeration, I need not be at pains to explain why the community, as a whole, in spite of the vicious incentives noted, remains law-abiding and virtuous, at least within the statutory meaning. I shall be sorry to pay the moralists of the new journalism the compliment of supposing them capable of corrupting, to the degree of overt criminality, any considerable part of their immense constituency. The law provides an effective, though not infallible, antidote to the poison of exploited vice which they instill into the moral life of the community. But it is not the less certain that, through the evil agency of this same journalism, the moral fiber of the community is relaxed in every part. Of the terrible lesson to be drawn from particular cases of notoriety-seeking criminals, there is, unhappily, not the smallest room for doubt. We cannot yet measure adequately the effect upon the new-springing generation of this journalism of the prize-ring and the paddock, the

divorce court and the bagnio,—this journalism which, dubbed "new," is rotten with a decay to which age can bring no added touch of filthiness or offence.

I do not shut my eyes to the better side of the new journalism. It has rendered great service in the time of public calamity. It has taken up the people's cause, as against many a grasping corporation, and has compelled justice and restitution. It has opened the purse of charity, and saved thousands from destitution and death. It has been the able and resolute champion of the poor. I wish I could believe that these things balance the account. But what a price the tribunes of the new journalism, like the gift-bearing Greeks of old, make the people pay for their friendship!

Michael Monahan.

THE PANIC OF THE PLAGUE.

WHY EPIDEMICS EXCITE SUCH GREAT DREAD.

BUBONIC plague having made its appearance in Glasgow and having proved exceptionally resistant to all efforts toward its extirpation, the civilized world is stirred with excitement. The world outside is, in fact, more stirred with excitement than are the citizens of Glasgow. The citizens of Glasgow go about their business as usual, the Council calmly debates the best sanitary measures and the newspapers abstain from sensational statistics. An essayist in the London *Spectator*, taking the outbreak for a theme, writes of the causes of the fear of the plague, as follows:

The first and most real reason why the intelligence of the plague's appearance causes such excitement is, that the majority of men dread death. They all know that they must die and they all profess to be willing to meet the inevitable with composure, but while they retain their strength they do not like the prospect. The fear is instinctive—probably implanted by superior authority to preserve the race—and though its degree varies indefinitely, not only in races, but in individuals, the number of those who are absolutely exempt from it, or, like General Picton, become abler men because death is imminent, is probably extremely small.

Any epidemic increases the chance, or appears to increase the chance, of dying in the next few days, and, therefore, every epidemic is feared. The fear is slight among Orientals, who think that death is distributed, not by any law, but by a special decree of the Almighty as to each individual; excessive among Southern Europeans, who look for nothing beyond the grave and resent premature death as an undeserved misfortune; moderate among Northerners, whose minds are divided between anxiety and resignation; but in some degree it affects all. An epidemic makes it vivid, and therefore is exciting. It does not always raise the average, and it very seldom so raises that average that death becomes more probable than life—even the terrible Black Death only swept away a third of the population—but still it brings the evil chance for each individual nearer home to him, and in himself he trembles. Moreover, it brings to his mind a danger even worse than death, the possibility that the destructive agency may strike all who are closely bound to him, and leave him face to face with the world with none who love or respect or obey him to stand between himself and the darkness. That possibility crows the bravest, and to the majority is almost maddening.

The fear of an epidemic when once it has taken strong hold is, therefore, most natural; but we are still puzzled to explain why one kind of epidemic should be so much more terrible than another. It certainly is. An outburst of cholera would kill more people than one of plague, yet not produce half the horror, while an outbreak of scarlet fever or of virulent influenza, which would slaughter more than either, would produce comparatively none at all. We all heard with calmness that enteric fever was raging in South African camps, where an outburst of the plague would have made men feel as if the Almighty had specially smitten the British Army, as the Jews once believed that he smote the army of Sennacherib. Why is that? The cause is certainly not the usual one, secret selfishness, for men are much more likely to die of the customary disease than of the rare one, of typhoid, for instance, than of bubonic plague. Nor is it comparative preventibleness, for typhoid is preventible by exactly the precautions which usually keep plague at bay. Nor is it the infectiousness of

the disease, for there are highly infectious diseases, scarlet fever, for instance, and smallpox, which are not dreaded much more than non-infectious complaints, much less, for example, than cancer or angina pectoris. Nor do we think it is dread of actual physical pain. The pain caused by the plague is far less than the pain caused by cancer, or, in most instances, by any of those forms of lung or throat disease which bring on death by some kind of slow strangulation. When the disease is at its height the plague-struck patient has a very short time of suffering, and the energy which enables him to suffer dies away, as it does under certain wounds. Pain, in fact, is not the measure of the abhorrence of disease, or soldiers would not face bullets as they do, or die lying out on the cold plains of the agony caused by shattered bones. Nevertheless, the report that plague has appeared causes a sensation of horror, breaks down to a great extent the ordinary British fortitude, and sweeps away, as it were, in a moment, the stolid British objection to rigid sanitary laws. The people will bear anything, even the burning of their dwellings, which they are told by the men of science will protect them, and will even betray towards recalcitrants something of that angry intolerance which, as regards most diseases, is felt only by doctors, nurses, and, after the disease has fairly broken out, clergymen of experience and sense. The resistance of the native of Bombay to precautions against fever would excite nothing but a mild contempt, but there are hundreds of Englishmen who are hardly able to bear the news that the Government of India has abandoned the attempt to fight the plague, though aware that the choice lay between that abandonment and a terrible insurrection. It is, we believe, thoroughly ascertained that if the plague had appeared in the Punjab, and if the Government had persisted in isolating infectious cases, the Empire would have been shaken by a movement more general and more fierce than the Mutiny of 1857. Yet so deep is the horror created by the plague that hundreds of Europeans in India, rather than not deal with it in the scientific method, would have run the risk.

We have exceedingly little doubt that the special horror among Europeans of the plague is, first of all, traditional. Almost every country, and especially England, has some record of a specially ghastly visitation, a memory of which, in part unconscious, in part derived from reading and from legend, invests the disease with an imaginative horror greatly increased instead of diminished by long periods of exemption. People sigh to be killed in customary ways. A native of New Orleans knows ten times as much about the ravages of the *vomito prieto*, the yellow fever—which is at least as dangerous as the plague—as the native of Toronto, but he fears it much less, because he has heard of it or seen it all his life. It never occurs even to the negro population to go half mad with terror and accuse the doctors of poisoning the wells, as Neapolitans, for instance, have been known to do during a visitation of cholera. The English are accustomed to be victims of lung disease, and the tendency of influenza to be followed by an attack of pneumonia, which kills almost with the rapidity of plague, scarcely frightens them at all; so little, indeed, that their fearlessness is an embarrassment to the medical profession. There is not a doctor in large practice who has not stories to tell of influenza patients who lost their lives simply because they would not stay in bed or in the house for two more days. If the plague were resident among us, as it often is in the cities of the East, we should regard it just as we do scarlet fever, obey the disinfecting laws whenever convenient, and, for the rest, await the will of heaven. We fancy, too, though it is difficult to prove the point on paper, that the higher races specially fear diseases like the plague, which, in their imagination, belong especially to men of the lower types, and ought not to visit themselves. They even, in their own minds, claim immunity from them, as you may see in any telegram from Bombay and Hongkong, and when the imaginary barrier breaks down their horror is deepened by a feeling of disgust. We feel sure that this is true of "Yellow Jack," which is pretty impartial in its malignity, and think it is true also of the plague and the West African sleeping sickness, as it was true once of cholera. The same feeling is observable in the case of the few diseases which man takes from animals, though, owing to the character of those complaints—e. g., hydrophobia and glanders—the minor causes of horror escape even experienced observation.

Whether intense fear of a disease predisposes towards an attack of that disease may be doubted—though we do

not ourselves see why a man should not have a sort of unconscious consciousness of his own special liabilities—but it is certain that it diminishes recuperative power, that it tends to make attacks more virulent, and therefore more infectious, and that it causes disregard of medical advice. Above all, it increases domestic misery by making relatives unwilling to do their duty, scattering servants, and increasing the difficulty of supplying nurses. Southern Europeans, who feel this panic with inexplicable keenness, almost lose their natures under its influence, isolate their dearest relatives in a way which involves shocking neglect, and regard strangers suffering with infection much as they would regard invading barbarians. They would kill them if they dared. The Anglo-Saxons are happily free of this impulse, and it will help to keep them free if they will remember that one contagious epidemic is not much worse than another, that a disease is not more dangerous to the superior races, because among the inferior peoples it spreads rapidly, and that in the outburst of an epidemic, as in the hour of battle, to quail internally is no protection. Resignation is an excellent substitute for courage.

SONNETS TO A WIFE.

[For the MIRROR—Copyrighted.]

IV—JEALOUSY.

IF to be jealous is to hope to gain
Your every longing—make all other men
As misty to your memory as when
The shadows slip across a window-pane:
If to be jealous is to wish to reign
Your one true lover, chide me once again,
Call me as jealous as Othello then
And all your chiding will be given in vain.

For I am one who cannot hide my thought
And curb my tongue and make my cheek a liar;
The tissue of my nature was not wrought
Of lifeless clay, devoid of Pagan fire,
And long in storm and anguish have I sought
And now have found, at last, my Heart's Desire.

V—BOOKS.

Tomes from dull minds I oftentimes have read
And disquisitions of the great and wise,
And sought to learn the secrets of the skies
On winter nights with starry scripture spread;
Through labyrinthian passage have I sped
Of romance, and of deeds of high emprise,
But nothing found compared to your dear eyes,
Nor poems like to what your lips have said.

To read a woman in the higher sense
Is quite beyond the power of men's wit;
Who says he does, is made of vain pretence,
And never can by wisdom benefit;
Her look is more than spoken eloquence
Her voice the sweetest lyric ever writ.

VI—LOVE WITHOUT PASSION.

Love without passion is a flower without sun,
Reft of the wind's touch, banished from the rain,
Wrought against nature—therefore, wrought in vain,
However fine its tissue may be spun;
Its petals fade and wither one by one
And in the dust and under dust are lain.
Love without passion is the dying strain
From shattered lutes that all to minors run.

True love is as the rose; the roses glow
With life and color in the summer air.
The winds of Autumn through the garden blow,
The leaves are scattered and the vines are bare,
The snows depart, the grass springs up, and lo!
Again the ruddy rose is blooming there.

VII—ON THE HILLS.

When in the valley where the river ran
And sunlight rippled on its current fair,
While shadowed vistas of Autumnal air
Re-echoed with the dying notes of Pan:

When twilight's herald came in night's dusk van,
While sank the sun in western splendor there,
What joy for you and I all this to share
Mid wooded glades and chords Aeolian.

And in the hush that followed as we saw
The after-glow dye deep the waiting slopes,
While brooding silence hushed the sombre rills,
Then fell upon our hearts a happy awe
And light and shade of mingled fears and hopes
Star-signalled on the ramparts of the hills.

VIII—WORSHIP.

Gods, idols, fetiches of wood and stone,
Of carven ivory and of beaten brass,
They rise and fall, they flourish and they pass
Or stand disfigured in some desert lone;
Creeds come and go, and on the sands are strown,
And wither like the winter-shaken grass,
And all such things are shadows on a glass
To this one love which I for you have known.

For in my pagan heart I hold you dear,
More than a miser might his store of gold;
Or shipwrecked tar the rescuing sail unfurled.
In my religion you are worship here
Beyond all gods or temples manifold,
The sole and only woman in the world.

THE ANGLO-SAXON MYTH.

A PLEA FOR RECOGNITION OF THE CELT.

BY W. A. CURTIS.

(For the MIRROR.)

THE Celt's chief grievance against the Saxon to-day is not that the Saxon has taken his lands, but has filched his fame. The seizure of his lands is an ancient offence and the Celt is not certain whether his ancestors were lords or thralls, and so he is in worse condition under the Sassenach than his ancestors in Celtic times. But the filching of his fame is a modern, crying offence, one which the histories threaten to perpetuate until the end of the English language, and, perhaps, beyond. Since the Welsh auxiliaries at Agincourt helped turn the tide of battle, the gallant deeds of Celtic soldiers and Celtic generals have gone to swell the renown and extend the domain of England. Even the first colony of England was not won by Saxons, for Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, a Welsh county, led to the conquest of Ireland an army of Welshmen officered by Norman French. Celtic poets, Celtic novelists, Celtic orators, using English as the medium of their thoughts, have helped make English literature. Not only have Celts helped make English literature, but the native romance, the native mythology, is all of Celtic origin. The dainty fairy lore,—the possession of no nation without a Celtic strain—the legendary lore, all comes from the Celt. From the nursery tales to the Morte D'Arthur, from the commonest superstitions to the imagery of the hymnology of evangelical Protestantism, all is Celtic. Even the popular religious belief is tinged with Druidism, for does not every Protestant funeral sermon tell us that the dead has gone over the river, has passed at once to the paradise, a disembodied spirit, an angel? It is Avalon, the Druidic heaven, that the preacher is talking of and if the gods and beliefs of ancient Rome are to be detected masquerading as the saints and religious observances of Roman Catholicism and Hellenic superstitions are canonized in Greek Catholicism, so Druidism permeates the Protestantism of England and France. Whatever Britain has done in music, has been done by Celts. The composers are Celts and the two leading instruments of modern days, the violin and piano, were developed from the Irish and Welsh harp and the Welsh crowd, ancestor of the violin. But it is not the British, the Anglo-Celts, that receive due credit for all this, but the English, miscalled Anglo-Saxons, denying their Celtic blood, calmly taking to themselves in particular what the whole United Kingdom has won in general. So long as that is so, so long as it is the English flag, the English people, so long as it is a mythical race called Anglo-Saxon that receives credit for what the empire accomplishes, so long will Ireland be recalcitrant, so long will Wales and Ireland irk at the cruel injustice that is done them.

If there was ever an unjust, incorrect, impolitic, tautologous race title, it is Anglo-Saxon. One cannot, in a few hundred words, rebut the erroneous contentions of a centuries-old dogma, but briefly a few things may be recounted. The argument that the English are wholly a Teutonic people rests mainly on the language theory. Because ninety-five per cent of the words used in ordinary conversation are of Teutonic origin, the race is said to be ninety-five per cent Teutonic. To begin with, ninety-five per cent of Saxon words would be heard only in the conversation of a person with a very limited vocabulary, but ninety-five per cent seems to be the proportion the advocates have chosen. There are subsidiary arguments, not supporting the theory, however, but drawn from it, explaining how it came to be true. As there are so few Celtic words, the Celts must have been all killed by the conquering Saxons, or nearly all killed. There is no historical proof that this is so, but the theory being incontrovertible, historical suppositions of all sorts are drawn from it. The few Celtic words in the English language, a few though they are, tell a story. They are household words, woman words, baby words. Daddy, which, until this generation, was the first word English speaking mothers taught their offspring, is the word those Celtic mothers of the Anglo-Saxons spoke when the Teuton father bent over the cradle, which is another Welsh word. The Celtic words, few though they are, show there were Celtic wives and servants in the house. The larger life was Saxon, but the wives and concubines whom the Teutons seized from the conquered race, imposed a few words upon the language.

Language is no sure indication of race. The Jews in the time of Christ spoke Greek, as did other Asiatics in the realms of Alexander's successors. The few legionaries and merchants of Rome imposed Latin upon what we call the Latin races, whose kinship is not nearly so much due to the attenuated strain of Latin blood they all have, as to the fact that the same Etruscan-Basque, the same Celtic, the same Greek, the same Carthaginian elements were present in all, and that, later, inroads of barbarian Northerners engrafted the same Teutonic stock upon them. Nor is the Saracen element of Spain and Portugal entirely absent in France and Italy. The Babylonian empire emerged from Assyrian rule speaking Assyrian, the Chaldean speech of their ancestors forgotten. The Scandinavians of Schleswig speak German, as do a large per cent of the Bohemians. The Irish and Scotch speak English. The nations of Spanish America, which are, with the exceptions of Argentina and Chili, far more Indian than white, speak Spanish. Our negroes speak English. The strength of the language argument is taken away in every English history by the invariable statement that the Normans were Teutons. Speaking French all, without a word of Norse, they were, nevertheless, Norse. The English, forsooth, are proven Teutons by their language. Yet the Normans, all speaking French, were not French. This ridiculous and never challenged discrepancy is one of the wonders of modern scholarship.

We are told that the original Anglo-Saxons, being heathen, slaughtered the Celts, who were Christians. If so, for the first time did a barbarian invasion fail to spare some of the women. Women have ever been part of the spoils of war. Even the American Indians carried off white women, an alien race. The great land invasions, where the families and household effects of the warriors went with the army, were one thing. The invasions of Britain were by water, men in ships, unaccompanied by women. But even granting the first invaders slaughtered all the Celts. When Christianity became the religion of the Saxons, half of present England was Celtic still, unconquered. When the invaders first came, the Celts for generations debarred by their Roman masters from learning the arts of war, were an easy prey. As time went on, they became better fighters. Their conquest was harder, might have been impossible but for the fact that at the start the Saxons had secured a better strategic position. The Celtic domain was divided into three parts by great estuaries, and could be conquered in detail. The Saxons were united under one overlord. Besides the physical divisions of their territory, the Celts were split into small tribes. After Christianity, the conquest of the Celts was by diplomacy as well as war. Saxon princes made alliances with Celtic princes. We find Celtic princes fighting side by side with Saxon princes against other Saxons. After Christianity, the Saxons did not exterminate conquered Celts any more

than Saxon exterminated Saxon in the constant internecine strife that made the gradual amalgamation of the Saxon principalities into one kingdom. As time went on, the conquest of the Celts became harder. The west of the island is still purely Celtic. The Welsh language was not dead in Cornwall until Charles First. Monmouthshire is a purely Welsh-speaking county to this day. These are English counties. A century and a half ago, when the regiment known as the Welsh Fusiliers (it fought with the Americans at Tien Tsin, whom it fought against at Bunker Hill) was organized, it enlisted men as far east as Worcester. Whatever else we can say, we can say that Ireland, Wales, the major part of Scotland, and two counties of England itself are purely Celtic. For over a hundred years there has been a constant immigration from these countries into England. There has been a reverse emigration, too, but not a large one. England is the rich country. Since the last century, one million Irish have gone to England. The Scots began to come with James First. The prevalence of the single name Jones, a Welsh name, bears witness to the extent of the Welsh element in England. So if even the original English were Teutons, in the past two hundred years they have received much Celtic blood, while Scotland and Wales have received little English blood in that time, and Ireland not much more.

On the continent of Europe, the lucubrations of clerics in the realms of learning are taken with due allowances. There are a few French clerics eminent in secular scholarship, but no great German scholar is a cleric. The universities of France and Italy are secular. There are Roman Catholic universities in Germany, but no one ever hears them mentioned except in occasional religious controversies. But in England, the universities are hide-bound Anglican institutions. This I, born in the Anglican communion, though now free, say with no dislike toward the Anglican church as such. The scholars of England are, to a remarkable extent, clerics. Outside science there have not been many great English scholars who were not clergymen. Trained in the supple mental gymnastics of explaining the discrepancies of revealed religion, such a double-back somersault as proving the English Teutons because they spoke a Teutonic language, and the Normans Teutons because they spoke a Latin language, presented no difficulties. As Anglicans, there were several things they wished to prove. They wanted no kinship with France, France whom they hated as Roman Catholic and still more as infidel. They preferred not to be brothers of the Methodist Welsh, the Presbyterian Scotch, and the Roman Catholic Irish. Moreover, Germany was a Protestant land, and when history began to be written in a so-called critical spirit, a German had just become King of England. They were Teutons, brothers of the Hanoverians, but not of the Irish. In the writer's opinion, the prejudice of Anglicanism as much as anything else, has caused the denying of the Celtic relationship. But that was not all. Memories of old wars, squabbles with the Celtic races in trade and politics, made the English look favorably across the water toward a nation they had never fought, whose excellencies were enhanced by distance. Mark you, when a few years ago a war threatened between Britain and Germany, what a sudden discovering there was by many English that Teuton did not embrace all the virtues, how here and there arose men who began to probe the Teutonic theory of English origin. It was discovered that Shakespeare was a Welshman, and, indeed, I believe he had much Celtic blood. He lived well within the borders of what was Celtic land when the Saxons became Christian.

In recent years, anthropology, calling in physiology, has taken a hand in settling ethnological controversies. The skull measurements of the English are more like those of the Welsh, Scotch and Irish than they are like those of any continental race. Here is a hard fact to get around.

We are often told that the Lowland Scotch are Teutons, and that the Scotch-Irish, descendants of Lowland Scotch, are likewise Teutons. Passing over the fact that the large number of names beginning with Mc among the Scotch-Irish would indicate Highland blood, there are other things to be said. There is Norse blood in Scotland, and, for that matter, in Ireland and Wales. Dublin spoke Danish in nine hundred. This Norse blood helps account for the family relationship of the four British nations. Nevertheless, these Scotch-Irish descendants of Lowlanders are most markedly Celtic in appearance. Look at the next Scotch-Irishman you catch. Look at the pictures of north

of Ireland generals in the Boer war. If they do not have Celtic features their pictures belie them. Even Kitchener, born in Ireland of English parents, a man of English blood, helps prove the Celtic theory. He has the Irish brow, the Irish jaw.

Seldom do you see a red-headed German. When you do, I venture to say he is a sporadic Celt, for was not Denmark once the abode of a Celtic race, the Cimbril, none else than a branch of the Kymry of Britain and Belgium, the race who, with the Teutons, threatened to overwhelm Rome, and who, while their Teutonic allies never got farther than Aix, in France, penetrated Italy itself, where they were overcome by Caius Marius? The few red-haired Germans are Cimbril appearing by atavism. The Romans tell us the Celts were a red-haired people, those Gauls and Britons. Not all, by any means. It was the type that attracted the notice of the Romans, unaccustomed to it. The English red-heads, the freckled-faced red-heads, are Celts. The English often brag of the Roman type exhibited by their public men. How did that come? Possibly to some extent through France, but for the most part from the Romanized Celts. The black-haired, blue-eyed type is peculiarly an Irish type, but is found wherever there are Celts. The French have it,—it is present in England.

Compare the mental traits of the English and Germans and you find that many of the German faults and virtues are absent in the English. The English are a sporting people. The Germans are not. They have their turn-vereins, but with all due respect to them, I don't believe they amount to much. In a state tournament I once saw, nine out of ten performers were fat, short-winded, and did nothing a lot of girls couldn't have done. In their halls which I have seen, the gymnastic apparatus was covered with dust, the floor always cleared for dancing. The British and their American descendants box, wrestle, run, race, sail, play base and foot ball, cricket. In this country, a few continentals are drawn into these sports, yet it proves my contention that the principal boxers and ball players are Irish and the principal wrestlers Welsh and Cornish. It is the Celtic blood in the British nations that makes them such keen lovers of sport.

In their faults and virtues, the English show their Celtic blood. Like their Irish brothers and, to a less extent, the Welsh, they like to fight, especially when in their cups. They are less honest, less dogged, less persevering than the Germans, less gregarious, far less peaceable. In personal initiative, in ability to keep one's head in an emergency, a quality erroneously attributed to the Teuton, the Englishman excels the German. The so-called excitable Celt in a tight place is always cool. Our railroad engineers are almost never Germans. For the most part, they are native Americans, with a goodly sprinkling of Irish. I have been told that this was not chance, that the Teuton did not keep his head in an emergency the way the Anglo-Celt did.

The native American is more Celtic than the Englishman. Teutonic emigration to this country is more recent than the Celtic. The Dutch of New York and a few Pennsylvania Germans who filtered down into Virginia and were assimilated, represent the only ante-Revolutionary Teutonic blood the Americans received. The Pennsylvania Germans remained Germans and have just begun to assimilate. But there were Irish, Welsh, and Scotch, whole counties of them, in every colony. There were two hundred thousand French Huguenots and sixteen thousand Acadians added to and assimilated by the American population.

The term Anglo-Saxon was once a historical blunder. To-day it is an unjust blunder, a most impolitic and disastrous blunder. By its continued use, in the midst of the greatest crisis of the British Empire, a considerable portion of the population is rendered lukewarm, if not sullen. It widens, is mainly responsible for, the breach between Ireland and England. It embitters the Welsh and Scotch. Its continued use helps make the Celtic soldier fighting under the British flag feel, to-day, as in the past, that he is an alien mercenary shedding his blood for the aggrandizement of a foreign people. Once let the Celt feel that he is a partner, a brother, that his country is Britain, not England, Anglo-Celt, not Anglo-Saxon, and gaping wounds will heal, and the star of the British Empire, now dimming, shine forth brighter than ever to cheer the lovers of liberal government everywhere.

A WALL STREET GAME.

THE SPECULATION TRICK OF MR. CARLEY.

(For the MIRROR.)

ACCORDING to newspaper reports, Mr. Francis D. Carley, promoter and speculator, has left New York State in order to escape from the hordes of disappointed and vengeful innocents which he had inveigled into buying inflated stocks, and which are now filing suits against him. This is another one of the aftermaths of the late boom in Wall Street. Carley had quite a large following, especially in the country, and the confidence which his proselytes placed in his words and predictions was almost touching by its naivete. Although warnings were plentiful, and some authorities referred to the not very clean record of the new prophet, he continued to flourish and to replenish his bank account. Long-winded, specious advertisements made their appearance in some of the most reputable newspapers in various large cities, in which Carley aired his financial philosophy, and praised the qualities and merits of the wares that he made a specialty of. The wording of the advertisements was almost ludicrous, and could deceive nobody but the unsophisticated, the number of which, unfortunately, seems to grow larger as the world grows older. An affectation of well-meaning, fatherly conservatism commingled with a sophistry that was rather crude, and a modest, prudently-worded advice to buy certain stocks.

In September, 1897, Carley made his latest debut in Wall Street. It was rumored that several prominent financial interests were identified with him and backing his schemes. Hints were made that the Vanderbilt and Morgan people had made him their representative, although, of course, there was not a particle of truth in the stories. The philosophical promoter commenced to bull Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis common stock. With the aid of many thousands of circulars and advertisements, he succeeded in advancing the price of the shares from about 18 to 88. People that saw no good in the stock, and would not buy it at 20, almost fell over each other in their scramble to buy it at 60 and 70, because Carley promised par and even 150 and 200 for it. As the rise coincided with the boom in the general market, it did not attract very much attention, except among those who were making desperate efforts to maintain their mental equilibrium and who foresaw the crash that was bound to come sooner or later.

It goes without saying that Carley and his friends began to "unload" when the stock crossed 70. They had bought a large amount at the low prices of 1896 and 1897, and could, therefore, from a speculator's standpoint, not be blamed for taking profits when they had the opportunity. The profit-taking could not be detected by the deluded, imbecile "suckers," particularly since it progressed while the remarkable advertisements still made their appearance with clock-like regularity. To further the speculative mania and to hide their selfish schemes, somebody down East was induced to file suit against the great Pennsylvania Railroad Company to compel a payment of dividends, which, so it was claimed, had been deferred for years, to the disadvantage and prejudice of the stockholders of the P., C., & St. Louis (Panhandle) Ry. Co. The earnings of the latter company, in which the Pennsylvania held a controlling interest, had been devoted to extensive improvements, which, in the opinion of the directors, had become imperative and could not be delayed. The suit was a clever move, and threw the victims, who displayed signs of wavering in their allegiance to Carley, completely off their guard.

All the while, the philanthropic profit-taking continued, and continued until the last share had been sold. The shares suddenly became very weak, and dropped a few fractions every other day, until the depreciation amounted to more than thirty points. Then appeared another characteristic advertisement in the leading newspapers, in which Carley uttered, in stately, well-poised syllables, his valedictory from the speculative stage, and said that he would go into the automobile business with W. W. Gibbs and others. A few weeks after he formed the Anglo-American Rapid Vehicle Company.

While Carley made big profits out of his Panhandle scheme, it seems that he got involved, at the same time, in other speculative ventures, which, strange to say, did not turn out as advantageously as could have been expected. When suit was filed against him lately, the discovery was

made that he had become financially embarrassed, and, in order to avoid vexing difficulties, thought it advisable to seek for a different climate. That the creditors will ever be able to obtain satisfaction is exceedingly doubtful.

Another chapter of the Wall Street boom has thus closed. Other, and perhaps even more interesting, chapters will follow. There is still a good deal of rottenness in various quarters, and the feeling of apprehension and uncertainty will not down. No permanent improvement, no complete restoration of confidence need be expected until the cleaning-out and healing process has been completed.

It is to be hoped that foolish speculators will profit by the experiences of the past three years and not forget the lesson they received. In buying an inflated stock at an absurdly extravagant price, they invited disastrous consequences, and have only themselves to blame for their indiscretion. To accept the advice, in speculative matters especially, of somebody that we do not know, and that has an unsavory reputation, is the height of folly.

Francis A. Huter.

THE THYROID GLAND.

ITS IMMENSE POSSIBILITIES OF CURE.

AMONG the recent important discoveries in medicine are the possibilities the doctors have found stored up in the thyroid gland. The *Revue de Medecine* contains the fourth paper in a series on "Fonctions du corps thyroide," in which Dr. Gabriel Gauthier reports the results of his experiments. This gland lies in the throat, in the neighborhood of the larynx. As a gland, it would naturally be expected to secrete something to be used in the system, yet it has no duct as an outlet for any secretion. Its *raison d'etre*, if it really had one, was a puzzle to physicians for a long time, and various unimportant functions were attributed to it. Within a few years a relation was found to exist between this gland and the disease known as goitre. Patients afflicted with the disease had abnormal thyroids, and this observation was followed by the unexpected discovery that they could be successfully treated by administering a preparation of the gland, preferably the thyroid of a young sheep. We are familiar with the much-advertised correcting of too prominent noses, the treatment of eyelids to secure any desired expression and other triumphs of surgery in the cause of beauty; but it was a surprise to learn, from sources beyond question of reliability, that thyroid was a cure for arrested development, and that persons who, from some cause, had not grown to their natural size had been successfully treated with this remedy, even when they had passed the period of growth and had reached the mature age of twenty or twenty-seven years. In contrast to this, victims of obesity might find surcease from their trouble by using the same remedy, which is the best one known, except for cases that require dieting. Gauthier is of the opinion that many cases of obesity are due to insufficient development of the thyroid, and abnormal thinness to a too great development of it.

Further, the discovery gave a new ray of hope for feeble-minded children; for since idiocy, in many instances, is due to the arrested growth of the brain, it follows that thyroid may often be used with good results for these pitifully afflicted members of our communities. Examination of a large number of imbecile and half-witted individuals showed more or less degeneration of the gland. Thyroid administered to children suffering from myxedemic idiocy produced growth in the whole bony system, including the cranium.

The gland apparently plays a very important role in all nutritive processes, and is concerned in a number of diseases. Several skin diseases, diseases of the bone, unstable nerves, cardiac excitability, rachitis, and many other pathological conditions, as well as many natural developmental processes, are attended with changes in this gland. Cases of fracture that did not heal properly were quickly cured by the thyroid treatment. In fact, any pathological condition that results from an error in nutrition may be traced to a disturbance of the activity of this gland, and may be alleviated by treatment with it. The disease known as acromegaly, or giantism, in which the bones become abnormally enlarged, and a giant is formed, is caused by disease in the pituitary body—a small body on the lower side of the brain, which has one lobe identical in structure with the thyroid. There is apparently a series of glands that preside over growth processes; the thymus,

which regulates pre-natal growth and degenerates early in life, the thyroid, the amygdalæ and the pituitary body.

WIVES AND INCOMES.

HOW JACK VINYARD STOOD THE GAFF.

"I SAY, Phil," suddenly demanded Jack Vinyard, from the deepest recesses of the most comfortable armchair in the smoking room, "you are a judge of things—"

"What things?"

"Oh, things that happen. Tell me, which does a man feel most, the loss of his wife, or the loss of his money?"

"My dear fellow," began Philip Monterey, reprovingly, "it depends upon—"

"Oh, I can't give you the circumstances. Figure to yourself a man, the possessor of a wife he adores, a diminishing income, and expensive tastes. Imagine, also, a woman—"

"The possessor of an ideal husband and expensive tastes—who is probably the cause of the diminishing aforesaid."

"Right, O intelligent anticipator of events!"

"Well?"

"She has gone."

"How gone? Not dead?"

"Oh, dear, no! Not dead, but gone before—that is, before the income diminished in vanishing point."

Montercy joined his finger tips.

"That was very considerate of her. She has probably saved an *impasse*."

"Which is the French for the work-house?"

"Well, yes. I suppose we both sympathize with the woman, because the man will laugh last. But I wander from the subject. Wives and incomes, my dear fellow, are both perishable commodities, incomes especially so. The former are comparatively easy to replace. With the latter it is different. One can live with an income, yet without a wife. One can live with both, but—well, you see what I mean when I say that the woman has in all probability saved the situation. In such a *menage* as you have pictured the onus of maintaining a mutual happiness would rest heavily upon the man—poor chap!"

"Poor chap, indeed! You don't understand."

"More circumstances?"

Vinyard leaned forward.

"The man was desperately in love with his wife, worshipped the ground she walked on and all that sort of thing. They never quarreled."

"Her demands were made exclusively upon his purse and his affections?"

"Yes, and they were invariably honored. In other matters, she allowed him a superior knowledge, and bowed religiously before him. Told the poor devil he was a man, and knew best, while she was only a poor, weak, little woman who had thought that such and such a thing might possibly be correct, but was evidently mistaken, since he, her wise husband, knew otherwise."

"Which means that she always got what she wanted."

"She played upon him as a swell pianist plays upon a second-rate instrument; got every ounce of music out of him. Now she's playing the 'Danse Macabre.' You know—Pom! Pom! Oh, those thumps!"

There was a pause and Vinyard sank back in his chair.

"Yes, it's all over now," he went on. "While it lasted it was good to see. Only one cloud—the diminishing income, which he didn't worry about then—of which she knew nothing."

"No—nothing," echoed Monterey.

"There was not a family jar among all their domestic crockery. Had they entered for the Dunmow Flitch, they would have started the hottest favorites known for years and won comfortably. That marriage, my boy, was made in heaven."

"But, like all things celestial, it has been spoiled by terrestrial contact. And the end—"

"About a month ago the man had a long and unpleasant interview with the keeper of his money bags, who resides in a dusty office near Lincoln's Inn. He was informed that if he didn't pull up sharp he would drive his old cart over the precipice—that old, familiar precipice. So he went home and shaped a speech embodying his reasons for a policy of peace, retrenchment and reform. He delivered it at what he deemed a favorable moment. This programme

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All St. Louis is Talking of the Pretty Things to be Found Here.
Imported Costumes, Gowns, Coats and Wraps, Furs
and Millinery, Handsome Creations for Evening, Dinner,
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From Now on until Saturday Evening These Special Fair Week Offers:

Tailor-Made Suits.

Handsome Tailor-made Suits, of excellent rough chevrons new browns, grays, Oxfords or blacks, latest style double-breasted Eton or blouse coats, new shaped collars and new gored skirts, all double stitched lap seams, worth all of \$20.00 the suit. This week for only **\$14.75**

Beautiful Suits of Cheviot or Venetian Cloth, with the new blouse waist, made to button up or roll back, with Peau de Soie silk revers and facings; these come in black or colors; would be good value for \$25.00 the suit. This week we offer them at **\$19.75**

A most magnificent line of Cloth Tailor-made Suits, made of all the leading fall fabrics, pebble chevrons, Zibeline cloths and Venetians—colors, new castors, browns, tans or black; these suits have all the new features of the highest-priced suits made, and actually good value at \$30.00 to \$35.00. This week offered at **\$26.75**

Fall-Weight Jackets.

A lot of Fall weight Jackets, suitable for cool mornings and evenings, worth \$5 50 and \$6.00 This Week only **\$3.98**

Excellent Light-weight Covert Jackets, all lined in changeable taffeta silk, worth \$8.00 This Week only **\$6.75**

A lot of Silk Eton Coats, black, lined in purple taffeta silk and with cream lace fronts, just right to wear with fancy waists and skirts, worth \$16 75, This Week only **\$9.00**

Fur Department.

Lot of genuine natural Mink Scarfs, made same as above; with 8 large tails, with chain to fasten at neck; these are all perfect goods, and fully worth \$10.00 Offered this week for, each **\$6.00**

Also complete line Imitation Seal Scarfs for..... **\$1.00 up to \$3.75**

Complete line of natural or bleached River Mink Scarfs..... At **\$2.00 to \$5.00**

Complete line of large Animal Scarfs, with natural head and tail..... **\$5.00 Up**

Complete line of Collarettes and Storm Collars..... For **\$2.00 to \$15.00**

B. NUGENT & BRO. DRY GOODS CO., Broadway, Washington Avenue and St. Charles Street.

(having turned radical he mentally spelled it with one 'm') speedily created an opposition. He carried the retrenchment part of it, for he meant business, and held the purse strings. The reform he shelved for a time. But the peace motion, despite his readiness to accept any reasonable amendment, was carried to a division and lost. Here, however, this parliamentary simile gets a little mixed. He didn't resign, so the opposition has allied itself to a third party, sought the Christian Hundreds (which means, I suppose, the Continent,) and the victory rests with the government. Now, Phil, which is it, his money or his wife?"

The light had entered Monterey's brain and his hand flew to the other's shoulder. "Good heavens, Jack! You cannot mean Agnes has—"

"Yes, old man, she has—"

"Jack; what have I been saying? Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, it's the regulation *roman a trois* with all its hackneyed accompaniments. I have her few last words on paper. I don't know who he is. I've made out a list, but I can't decide a single starter. Even after the event I can't prophesy. I only knew of it an hour ago, and I came around here to see if you were missing. In such a case, does not one always fly to one's best friend?"

"And after this—"

"Nothing! Am I bound to tour the earth for them? Have they not put me to inconvenience already? If I chance upon them I suppose I must shoot him, or, better still, horsewhip him. A man looks a bigger fool after a thrashing than he does upon a marble slab. At present I suppose I look like a fool. The companion picture, in this matrimonial farce, to the rampant mother-in-law is the deceived husband. And she—she has two lords; one spells his name with a capital; I'm the other. Oh, Agnes, Agnes! I wonder what your patron saint, the virgin and martyr, thinks of you now! Yet, Phil, I'll do something in mine own club. For, behold, I am once more a bachelor—or, the next thing to it. Drink with me, Phil, and confess

that for a newly-deserted husband I'm the deuce of a cool hand."

"Oh, stop that, Jack."

"Don't, Phil, please; don't say I'm sorrier than I look. It's a — commonplace remark, and it will deprive me of the consolation I derive from imagining that I'm taking it philosophically."

"And are you ruined?"

"Oh, dear, no! From one point of view that's the most galling part of it. I only ask for moderation. The question is, will my income continue to diminish? Upon my word, Phil, I'm afraid it will."

There was a long pause. Presently Jack Vinyard spoke through a sickly smile:

"There are two things, Phil, in this unsavory business that positively give me pleasure."

"One is—"

"That she didn't bolt with you."

"And the other—"

"That she leaves me no souvenir of our companionship which I should be forced to keep as an index to her dishonor. Theatrical, isn't it? But, Phil, you haven't answered my question. Which do you think a fellow fancies the least, the divorce court or that set aside for the examination of bankrupts? Would you rather face the judge or the official receiver?"

"Well, Jack, if I must answer, one looks a better kind of idiot before the one than he does before the other. And yet—but you know what I mean, Jack: I'm beastly sorry."

A tear rolled down Vinyard's cheek, but he answered gayly:

"I say, Jack, I'm running over to Ostend to-morrow; come along."

"That's a hackneyed way of forgetting things. But I'll come. Meanwhile let us go out and kill something; time, for choice—or a co-respondent."

And a few minutes later they left the club arm in arm.

The Critic.

SUNSET GOLD.

(After Reading George Horton's "War and Mammon.")

(For the MIRROR.)

THE world is good and beautiful to-day,
And whoso with grimaces sour would say—
That it has fallen from heights of art
And lost the glory which of old was part
Of its God-given heritage, has lost
The hope, that, uppermost in man, has led
Of old great souls (men calm through any cost)
From out their cells, till, standing where was shed
The transcendental glow, they spake to men
The sentences of God. And now, as then,
There are great souls who, living from the rout,
Paint, speak and chisel beauty. But the shout
Of commerce, and the eagerness for gain
That presses on all side with strenuous cries,
And wrecks the multitudes with nervous pain,
Detracts the common mind. Men strain their eyes
In retrospect for ease; and beauty gleams
Upon them from some master soul which seems
So godly in its thought, that, satisfied,
They leave the beauty near at hand untried,
And joy in childish ignorance, nor care
For aught they hold. So ever, things most fair—
Aye, fairer than the fairest works of old—
In being near to all the glare of gold
Are overlooked. And yet, when years are turned
To sun-set gold that burns across the lane
Of epochs; then, what we to-day have learned
And passed as commonplace with proud disdain,
The commerce-wearied world shall love as art;
And their own artists, chastened by the smart
Of cold neglect, shall unknown pass away—
And yet, ah yet, their work shall rule some day.

George Richards Parr.

V. P. PAGEANT AND BALL.

The Veiled Prophets' annual celebration of themselves and the city, last Tuesday evening, was a very delectably done affair. The pageant was certainly as beautiful as the art of simulating the sumptuousness of the Orient could achieve. The management of the pageant was almost perfect. The thing was started on time, pushed through to the end, and done with in a manner that enabled all the spectators to get home early to bed—if they wanted to. There wasn't an accident or an unpleasant delay anywhere, and that means that the management used far-seeing brains.

The ball after the pageant! It is so customary to say that the ball eclipsed its predecessors that one is half ashamed to use the phrase, though it be the full truth. The ball Tuesday night was not "stuffy," as some former balls have been. There was room to move around. There was no ruination of gowns. There were no garish people present. The number of debutantes was astonishing, and their beauty certainly made an old fellow envy the youngers who were with them. There was lots of room for dancing, and my how they danced—those young folks. The matrons, too, made a good showing. It seemed that the Veiled Prophets' court was singularly well chosen and very representative, and in every way worthy of the Queen, Miss Susan Larkin Thompson, who looked truly lovely in her confusion, as the Prophet himself led her forth and declared her sovereignty.

There isn't much to write about a ball. The gowns have been described in the dailies, and the wearers of the gowns cannot well be singled out for special comment. The ladies all seemed to have spread themselves for the occasion and they didn't wear that bored look that one has seen on faces at the V. P. ball. Even the men looked like they were having a good time Tuesday evening—and that's the rarest thing in the world. Usually, men at a ball look like they have a pain and are afraid some one will find it out.

As with the pageant in the matter of management, so with the ball. The affair went like clock-work. The Prophets were unloaded from the floats and into the ball in a jiffy. Once there, they were rounded up and prepared for the grand entrance without a particle of confusion. The committees were on hand on time for the opening of the doors, and the chairmen were actually at their posts—which chairmen rarely are. The invited guests were taken care of as soon as they got there and they were sent to their places in short order. Result! When the entree was made there was no hurrying and scurrying, and the usual ceremonials—which next morning looked horribly like the most monumental monkey-business—were gone through with. It was all over in no time and then the mix-up was as pretty a spectacle as one could see at any function of the sort anywhere in the world.

The Veiled Prophets cannot be too highly praised. They spent about \$45,000 of their money for that affair of Tuesday evening. What did they get for it? Well, that depends. Not one of them got a cent, directly. But they got the worth of their money. Look at the fun they had; dodging the people who chased them for tickets; hustling for tickets for folks they forgot, at the last moment; attending meetings in hidden places on the sultriest August nights; wrestling with the designs of the floats and the costumes for three weeks before appear-

ing in them on precarious structures of canvas and lath; wrestling with the selection of the maids and matrons of honor and chewing on the old issues of racial, creedal, political and local sectional representation in the Prophet's Court. That's largely what they got for it. But there were other things; the bright eyes of children as the floats passed; the joy of the multitudes from the city and from the country who never have seen anything so gorgeous as the V. P. pageant; the glee of the girls at the ball and the spectacle of the boys going through the old, old game that is so beautifully played at a ball; the pride of the matrons in their gowns; the general beauty of the whole spectacle.

Mighty poor return for \$45,000, eh? Well, yes,—if you think that way. The money is wasted, if you think money was made to hoard. The thing is silly, if to wish to forget the sordid cares of business, for a night, is silly. But somehow, I think that the Veiled Prophets woke up Wednesday morning—or afternoon—feeling—notwithstanding the suspicion of hair-burt—as if they had done something for which they would some day get credit in the record of those who do things unselfishly for others. The thing was only for a night of course—but law sakes! A man lays up a million and his life is the millionth part of the hundredth millionth of a second compared with the time he was not and the time he will not be. One night of innocent fun is worth a hundred years of smug seriousness. And the cost of the pageant and ball, if you come to figure out the enjoyment the two events spread through the crowd that watched and participated in them, was not so much. If one hundred thousand people enjoyed it—why, each on an average, only had 45 cents worth. And the good fellows who put up \$45,000 didn't ask you for any—you, who criticize them. They spent their own money. And they spent it without a sign of return.

There should be more of this Veiled Prophet way of "letting loose" in this town. There's too much calculating of returns from things that shouldn't be soiled by such calculating.

So the Veiled Prophets are all right. They are a great success. They supply us all a good example. That they are the right sort is proved by their being "veiled." If their critics were doing the things the Prophets are doing, they would all have their names in the paper all the year round and they would be discovered "working little snaps" in connection with their professed public spirit.

Little.

PREPARATIONS FOR A BATH.

A Cincinnati traveling man had arrived at small settlement in the interior of Arkansas, and repaired to the Eagle House, which was situated on the outskirts of the town and on the bank of a stream. After a dinner of side-meat and corn-bread he lighted a cigar and the proprietor said: "Stranger, is thar anything we-uns kin do foh you-all?" Thinking to confound his host the stranger answered: "Wal, yes, come to think of it, I'd like to have a bath." The proprietor let his feet drop from the railing upon which he had hoisted them, went into the house, and returned in a moment with a huge tin cup full of soft soap, a rough towel, and a pick and shovel, which he offered to his guest. "What's the pick and shovel for?" asked the traveling man. "Well, stranger," answered the landlord, "th' watuh's low, and yo'-all 'll hev to dam up the creek."

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PHILANTHROPY.

"What's the matter, my boy!" said the elderly philanthropist, pausing in his morning walk.

The boy who had been digging at the edge of the wooden sidewalk turned a tear-stained face upward and responded:

"I'm huntin' fur de penny I dropped t'rough a hole in de walk. My maw'll whup me if I don't find it!"

"Is that all?" the good man rejoined, feeling in his pocket for a coin. "Dry your tears, little fellow. Here's another one, just as good, and here is a nickel to go with it."

With the warm feeling at his heart that invariably accompanies the performance of a good deed he passed on.

The next day, walking abroad at the same hour, he observed a boy digging at the edge of a wooden sidewalk.

"What's the matter, little fellow?" he asked.

The boy turned a tear-stained face upward and said:

"I'm huntin' fur a half dollar I dropped t'rough a hole in de walk. Me maw'll whup me if I don't find it!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Out in Indiana, a good many years ago, a certain old lady, summoned as a witness, came into court wearing a large poke bonnet, such as was then much affected by rural folks. Her answers to the questions put to her being rather indistinct, the court requested her to speak louder, though without much success. "The court cannot hear a word you say, my good woman," said the judge. "Please to take off that huge bonnet of yours." "Sir," she said, composedly, and distinctly enough this time, "the court has a perfect right to bid a gentleman take off his hat, but it has no right to make a lady remove her bonnet." "Madam,"

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replied the judge, "you seem so well acquainted with the law that I think you had better come up and take a seat (with us on the bench." "I thank your Honor kindly," she responded, dropping a low courtesy to the court, "but there are old women enough there already."

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Judge and Mrs. Leroy Valliant have returned from a long visit to Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Elliott and family have returned from Boar's Head, Mass.

Mrs. Joseph Ramsey, of Cabanne, has returned from her cottage at Marion, Mass.

Mrs. B. F. Hobart and Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson have returned to the city.

Mrs. Elisha Scudder has gone to New York to visit her daughter, Mrs. Ellis Hallet.

Dr. A. C. Bernays and Miss Thekla Bernays have returned from their European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes of Springfield, Ill., are guests of friends during the fall festivities.

Miss Elsie Paul has announced her engagement to Mr. Will De Yong, of Webster Groves.

Mrs. Harrison Drummond will not return from the East until the fifteenth of the month.

Mrs. Eugene Miltenberger has gone to California with her young son to spend the winter.

Dr. and Mrs. Willard Bartlett have returned from a visit to Dr. Bartlett's parents in Virden, Ills.

Mrs. Dr. Bullit of Huntville, Ala., formerly Mrs. Drummond, of this city, is here on a visit to friends.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Martine Kershaw, and their little daughter have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Kearney Mason of Galveston are visiting Mrs. Walter B. Douglas of Delmar Avenue.

Friends have received news that Mrs. P. D. Cheney and Miss Didi Kimball have landed in London.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Simkins, and Miss Louise Simkins, are in New York City on a visit to friends.

Mrs. Arthur Eddy of Denver, Col., will arrive next Friday to make a visit to her sister, Mrs. John L. Wallace.

Mrs. Irene Logan, of Louisville, Ky., is visiting her cousins, Mrs. Chouteau Smith, and Mrs. D. S. Crosby.

Mrs. Murray Carleton and her children have come back from Deer Park, Md., where they spent the summer.

Mrs. Wade Hampton, who now resides in New York, is on a visit to Miss Eugene Williams in Washington Terrace.

Mr. and Mrs. Corwin H. Spencer will take possession of their palatial home in Washington Terrace early in November.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Thomas and their daughters returned Saturday night, from New York where they spent the summer.

Mrs. M. B. Morrell, who entertained so delightfully all summer in her cottage at South Haven, returned to the city a few days ago.

Mrs. P. E. Couroy, of Forest Park Boulevard, who has been traveling in Europe all summer, has returned and is visiting friends in Boston.

Mrs. Juo. N. Straat, Jr., sailed on the transport Hancock from San Francisco Monday, October 1st, to join her husband in Manila, P. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Griswold Stowe will not leave for Boston before November. They will reside in that city, Mr. Stowe's old home, permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Meyer returned Tuesday morning, to attend the V. P. Ball. They had been attending the Druggists Convention.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harding left Saturday night for Lexington, Mass., to attend the wedding of Mr. Harding's cousin, whom he is to give away at the altar.

The elegant home which Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bascome are building in Portland Place will not be completed for some time, so, for the present, they have rooms at the Westmoreland Hotel.

Miss Clara Carter, who carried off the musical honors at Mary Institute last year, is now a student at Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Mrs. Thomas W. Carter, her mother, has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Carroll, who have spent the summer in Northern Missouri, are occupying the late residence of Mrs. John Tremont Hill, on Delmar avenue, which they have just purchased.

Mrs. S. M. Piper, of 3941 Washington boulevard, is entertaining a handsome girl from Cleveland, O. Miss Bessie Aylwerth, who, reports, is soon to assume a closer relation to her hostess.

Mrs. Paul Brown has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Nellie Brown, to Mr. A. M. Kellar, of Payette, Mo. This will be an early morning wedding, the ceremony taking

place at eleven o'clock, at the Cook Ave. Methodist church South, and will be followed by a bridal breakfast at the bride's home, 4419 Forest Park boulevard.

Dr. Comstock, who arrived last week in New York from Europe, was seriously ill for some weeks in London. He is now at Saratoga with his wife, where they will remain until he has sufficiently recruited to return to St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Kimball and Misses Florence and Mary Kimball, have returned to St. Louis, after spending the summer in Alton. They have taken apartments opposite the Visitation Convent. Mr. Ben Kimball, Jr., is with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Garesche are entertaining Miss Laura Garesche of Jennings Heights, one of the debutantes of the V. P. Ball. Miss Garesche will remain with Mr. and Mrs. Garesche all winter. A number of entertainments will shortly be given in her honor.

Miss Daisy Powell's marriage to Mr. Harry Goodfellow will be the next large matrimonial event. The ceremony will take place on October 10th, at St. John's M. E. Church, and will be followed by a large reception at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Brandt Van Blarcom, of 4490 Forest Park Boulevard, with whom Miss Powell resides.

The marriage of Miss Jessamine Barstow and Mr. Wallace Simmons, which will take place on the last day of this month, will be one of the most fashionable of the season. The bride will be attended by Miss Ella Mitchell as maid of honor, and Misses Grace Gale, Lucy Scudder and Pauline Sturgis, of Chicago. Mr. George Simmons will serve as his brother's best man, and Mr. Graham Wickham, Mr. Ettinger from the South, and Mr. Garrison, of Chicago, as groomsmen.

A large circle of St. Louisans were interested in the announcement of Miss Mittie Cowling's engagement to Mr. Arthur M. Sager. The bride to be resides in Louisville, Ky., where the announcement was made at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Samuel C. Churchill. Miss Cowling is well known here, having made her debut in society while visiting her uncle, Col. Francis T. Bryan. She is a granddaughter of the late Col. Samuel B. Churchill, and a niece of the late Mrs. Bathurst Smith. The wedding will be one of the early November events.

One of the most fashionable of the early fall weddings was that of Miss Ella Graham Robinson and Mr. Charles Hale Scarritt, which took place at the home of the bride's parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Robinson, of 3402 Pine street, on Wednesday evening. The ceremony was solemnized in the presence of a large circle of relatives and friends, by the Rev. William Scarritt of Mount Auburn, New York, a brother of the groom. The house decorations were in green and white. Miss Cordelia Gamble attended Miss Robinson as maid of honor, and Misses Susie Outten, Hallie Bayle, and Florence Berry, were bridesmaids. Mr. Scarritt was accompanied by Mr. Charles Lambert, of Grand Rapids, Mich., as best man, and Messrs. John Crawford, of New York, O. B. Starkweather, of Grand Rapids; and Frank Beardslee, of St. Louis. An innovation in the bridal arrangements, was the holding of the white satin ribbons, a duty usually assigned to little ones, but on this occasion they were held by Miss Francis Berry and Mr. Frank Beardslee. Little Miss Ella Hager performed the duties of flower girl. Miss Robinson wore a handsome bridal dress of white brocaded satin en traine. The bodice and train were elaborately trimmed with a profusion of heirloom point lace. The three bridesmaids were gowned in toilettes of rose color, the foundation being crepe, veiled in rose colored tulle and trimmed in rose colored panne. Miss Gamble wore an all white toilette of crepe de chine trimmed with plisses of tulle, and white panne. The flower girl was gowned in white silk, veiled in point d'esprit, and trimmed in pink ribbons. After the ceremony there was a large reception, after which Mr. and Mrs. Scarritt left for the Eastern tour, and then to sail for Europe. Their place of residence has not yet been decided upon, but Mrs. Scarritt will keep her at home days the second and third Fridays in December with her mother, Mrs. A. C. Robinson at 3402 Pine Street.

Miss J. I. Lea, Scalp Treatment, 304 Century Building.

Taking Risks—Towson: "Is your daughter a finished musician?" Yorkrode: "Not yet, but the neighbors are making threats."—Baltimore American.

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PHYSICIANS' CALLS.

The question whether a physician should determine the number of calls he should make when attending a patient, or should call only when and as directed by the patient, is discussed by the Supreme Court of Illinois in upholding, in *Ebner vs. Mackey* (57, N. E., Rep., 834,) the validity of a judgment obtained by a physician who brought an action to obtain payment of his bill for professional services. The court held that the physician was not called upon to prove the necessity of making the number of visits for which he charged. The court followed the doctrine of an earlier case, in which it was said: "Where a physician is called by a person to treat him or his wife, and he takes charge of the case and attends from day to day, evidently, in view of his responsibility for skillful and proper treatment, he must in the first instance, determine how often he ought to visit the patient, and so long as the person employing him accepts his services, and does not discharge him or require him to come less frequently, or fix the times when he wishes him to attend, he cannot afterwards be heard to say that the physician came oftener than was necessary. There was no proof that the claimant came when he was forbidden to come, or that he was discharged and continued to attend thereafter."

BEECHER-TILTON.

The following alleged facts relating to the Beecher-Tilton case are given by *The Westminster Gazette*, on the authority of *The British Weekly*: "Though Mr. Beecher's friends were most fully convinced that he was guiltless, they admitted that two or

three letters professing to be written by him were regrettable, and that they had to take into account what they knew of him otherwise in estimating their significance. They now have been proved to be forgeries of the grossest kind. It would serve no purpose now to indicate the name of the forger, who is dead. Suffice it to say that the incident puts Beecher's character on a higher plane than ever." The same authority also alleges that "one of Beecher's most prominent ministerial opponents, on seeing the new evidence, expressed his deep regret at the position he had taken." None of these new witnesses is named.—*Woman's World*.

"No, I never leave my married daughters in summer." "Afraid their children would get sick?" "Oh, no: but they might get some jelly started that wouldn't jell."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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WORLD OF WOMAN.

The custom of sending and collecting pictorial post-cards has developed into a veritable mania in England, according to the *Saturday Review*, most of the victims being women. Not only those who delight in amassing stamps and autographs are bitten by it. People, hitherto free from fads, go about in anxious quest of "views;" and, for the indulgence of their puerile passion, a weekly journal, devoted only to the interests of postcard collectors, has appeared. Apart from other depressing features the paper provides a correspondence column, through which its readers trade with one another. And so we learn that "Flora" is eager to obtain Milan, Florence and all Italian towns in exchange for Berlin, Frankfurt and Coblenz; or that "Frank" will give all Stockholm for certain corners of Vienna; or that Schmieder's Agency is so rich in rivers, monuments and steeples that it possesses a panorama (at a penny a glimpse) of the entire world. Stories, in which the principal parts are played by German and Italian postcards, follow—"Gretchen" and "Alberto" are married or separated for ever by this modern means; while gay "Percy," who is supposed to be busily engaged in Lyons, absentmindedly discloses his real whereabouts by sending a view of the Moulin Rouge from Paris. The fad is destined to become rampant in this country, for it has already broken out among the young ladies of St. Louis. The thing is a good thing, to be pushed along by the lithographers and engravers.

Not long ago a physician who had a nervous and hysterical patient tried remedy after remedy without avail. The ill one remained weak, and languid, and stupid. Finally her doctor had an inspiration. "Well, I'm going to try the electrical treatment now," he remarked genially one morning. "I want you to have a couple of new silk frocks made at once and to wear them constantly. The silk may help to affect a cure." "But, doctor, I can't stand up long enough to be fitted," the patient objected, but a little animation had crept into her eyes. "Oh, yes you can," replied the other; "there'll be a dressmaker here to-day with samples from which you're to select your frocks, and I want you to have them made at once." Well, she had them made at once. She got up that afternoon and looked over half a dozen fashion books and discussed colors and garnitures and the superiority of side-plaitings to flounces, as twenty-four hours earlier she would not have believed she could. Then when the frocks came home they were so pretty and so very becoming that she was glad to obey her physician's behest and wear them constantly, paying up arrears in calls, and going to receptions and card parties until she was well enough to stay at home and wear a cotton frock and dust the reception-room.

"Give me a woman of 30," writes a member of the sex who has had much experience in the world, "and I will back her any day against a pretty, inexperienced debutante of 20. It is little feminine ways which appeal so irresistibly to a man's heart. These ways are the result of careful, tactful practice, generally speaking, the result of knowledge

of the world that can only come after one has lived amongst men and women, after one has loved and been loved. *La jeune fille* is to my mind most irritating and unattractive. She is so helplessly self-engrossed, so prejudiced; she has still to learn such a vast amount, when first launched into society (though of course a clever mother can help her simple ingenue enormously.) Girls are, as a rule, taken from school much too soon. They should be allowed to finish their education by traveling abroad for a couple of years before they mix on equal terms with other women who have seen so much more and know so much more than any insipid, uninformed chit of 18 can possibly do. Oh, the stupidity of the average chaperone! No wonder they sit and watch their soulless daughters being cast into the shade by the smart married woman or the finished and desperately attractive, though still unmarried, siren of 30."

Work is to be begun at once on the first university for women in Japan, and it is expected that the building will be in readiness to open in the spring of 1901. A large number of students is already promised. Through the untiring efforts of M. J. Naruse the obstacle of lack of funds has been overcome. Many rich men of influence have become interested, Marquis Ito leading with a large subscription. The wealthy Mitsui family has made a princely gift of a piece of land, containing seven acres, for a site, located in the rich east suburbs of Tokio.

Writing of "The Personality of Mrs. Roosevelt," in the *October Ladies' Home Journal*, Edward Bok asserts that "it is high time some of our women should learn that a woman may be respected and loved for the things she does not do, as often as she is for the things she does do. Hundreds of thousands of men and women respect Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt to-day because she has chosen to keep her personality in the background and refused to stand in the glare of publicity. She has no place there and she knows it. By her attitude she has won a warm place in the affections of American women, and in the respect of American men. Yet she might shine, instead of keeping in retirement, if she chose, as every one who knows her will at once concede. She has simply chosen to be a wife, a mother and a woman, and not a publicist. She has elected to give the benefit of her talents and gifts to her husband, her children and her friends rather than to society in its promiscuous sense. She has her work to do in the world, but she does not believe that work to be of a public nature. She is content to leave that to her husband. She remains in the home, and one need only to hear Theodore Roosevelt speak of that home to discern at once how strong upon him has been the influence which has radiated therefrom."

The attention of young American ladies seeking opportunities for favorable matrimonial alliances is hereby directed to our new territory—the "Paradise of the Pacific," the erstwhile kingdom of Queen Lil. A study of the statistics of population in Hawaii presents an interesting situation. The foreign-born population of the



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Hawaiian Islands is about 50,000—40,000 males and 10,000 females. That is, there are about four men to one woman among the foreigners of these enchanted isles. In the time of that irascible monarch, King James I., a shipload of buxom lassies was sent to the colony of Jamestown on matrimonial intent, and in the story "To Have and to Hold" it is related in some detail to what a premium each girl went in the matrimonial market when she landed in those Virginian wilds. So much was each in demand that she could make an excellent bargain before the match was concluded. A similar situation, one would think, must exist in Hawaii. To be sure, a large proportion of these eligible Hawaiian bachelors are Chinese gentlemen, but if a girl is not particular as to color, the opportunities are unsurpassed and she may easily aspire to living in a beautiful mansion on Nuanu avenue, Honolulu, and basking beneath the banyan trees, the stately eucalyptus, the symmetrical mango, and the spreading tamarind. What girl might not be tempted by a chance to live where it is always afternoon and where, the old residents say, "one has to turn around twice and scratch his head to remember whether Christmas or the 4th of July comes next."

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In the days when the late Countess of Dartmouth was taking out her daughters—the Ladies Legge—one evening at Stafford House it fell to the lot of a somewhat deaf functionary to announce the trio. "Lady Dartmouth," called out the man, who had only caught half the sentence. "And the Ladies Legge," repeated her ladyship. "And the lady's legs," echoed the servant!

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THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'll sing you a good old song
Made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman
Who had an old estate,
And who kept up his old mansion
At a bountiful old rate;
With a good old porter to relieve
The old poor at his gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman
All of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around
With pikes and guns and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers,
That had stood some tough old blows;
'Twas there his worship held his state
In doublet and trunk hose,
And quaffed his cup of good old sack
To warm his good old nose,
Like a fine old English gentleman
All of the olden time.

When winter's cold brought frost and snow,
He opened house to all;
And though threescore and ten his years,
He featly led the ball;
Nor was the houseless wanderer
E'er driven from his hall;
For while he feasted all the great,
He ne'er forgot the small:
Like a fine old English gentleman
All of the olden time.

But time, though old, is strong in flight,
And years rolled swiftly by;
And Autumn's falling leaves proclaimed
This good old man must die!
He laid him down right tranquilly,
Gave up life's latest sigh;
And mournful stillness reigned around,
And tears bedewed each eye,
For this fine old English gentleman
All of the olden time.

Now surely this is better far
Than all the new parade
Of theaters and fancy balls,
"At home" and masquerade:
And much more economical,
For all his bills were paid.
Then leave your new vagaries quite,
And take up the old trade
Of a fine old English gentleman
All of the olden time.

Anon.

THE SONG.

"Give us a song" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder,

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers]
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again the fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim

For a singer dumb and gory,
And English Mary weeps for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers, still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

Bayard Taylor.

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind with loving
thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said,
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

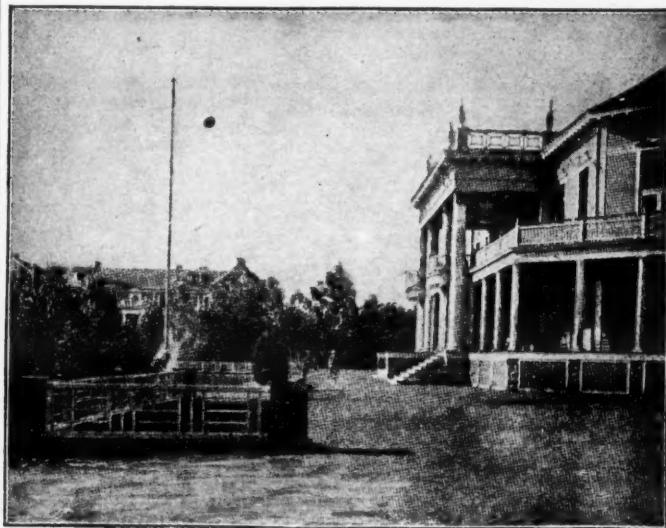
If I should die to-night,
Even hearts estranged would turn once more to
me,
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way,
For who could war with dumb, unconscious
clay?
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends! I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow:
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

Belle Eugenia Smith.

Discomforts of Home Comforts:—"That's
a cosy-looking couch, old man." "Yes; but
I never go near it." "What's the matter?"
"Well, there are only three pillows that I'm
allowed to put my head on, and I can't stand
the wear and tear of picking them out from
the other seven."—Exchange.

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Imperial, New York	L. S. & M. S. Dining Cars	Moraine Hotel, Highland Park, Ill.
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Grand Hotel, Cincinnati	Schenley Hotel, Pittsburg	Del Prado, Chicago



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NEW BOOKS.

It has been claimed that nearly, if not quite, all of what are styled negro melodies were composed by white men. The songs that have for at least two generations aroused a kindly feeling for "Dat Po' Old Slave," whether he is "Gwine Back to Dixie," or "Way Down Upon de Suwannee River," have been written by men of New York and Boston. And as with music so with poetry. Frank L. Stanton, the versatile poet-journalist of Atlanta, has for several years been the poetic voice of the negro, a voice that, but for him, would have been silent. It may be urged that the negro has no poetry in his soul, though it is true that he is endowed with music, both lingual and choreographic, but this does not detract from Mr. Stanton's art or this phase of it. He has caught the peculiar spirit of that race, its child-like regard for birds, beasts and flowers and the changes of the seasons and, added to them the softer graces that come from the love of home, and what are called "the fireside virtues." Then, also, the religious feeling, one of the strongest characteristics of the race, forms the motif for many of these unique Plantation Songs—the sublime and grotesque coming in alarming juxtaposition in many of them. Now and then Mr. Stanton's muse takes on a patriotic strain, as in "No Good Fer De Country"—(a ballad worthy of Kipling) the refrain of which has the military rhythm:

"Seven sons
Wid gw' mint gwns
Gone whar' de bugles blow,
En some still fightin' de battles,
An' some whar' de wil' grass grow!"

It is not alone as a poet in dialect that Mr. Stanton's popularity rests, (for that he is popular "goes without saying") his straight English verse is melodic and has the true poetic ring to the lover and the maid, and to all souls that are attuned to Nature in her varying moods. Take, ex. gr., "A Song in Springtime."

"I hear the world's heart beat
In the grasses at my feet . . .
Are you somewhere in the woodlands,
That the thrush is singing, Sweet?"

Those readers of the MIRROR who admire Mr. Stanton's verse will be glad to note that a new collection has been published under the title of "Songs From Dixie Land," by the Bowen-Merrill Co., of Indianapolis.

To the reader of Irish stories or sketches there are ordinarily two unpleasant types of authorship, the one that beslaunders and patronizes the land and the people and the other that is written to catch the eye of the Anglo maniac. Both are wearisome, and almost as bad as these is the author whose futile efforts to imitate the brogue and the dialect approximate the vaudeville Irish monologue "artist." From these counterfeit presentments of Ireland and Irish men and women, it is a pleasant change to turn to such a book as "From the Land of the Shamrock," by Miss Jane Barlow. Other books by her, "Irish Idyls," "Bogland Studies," "A Creel of Irish Stories," etc., have been well received on both sides of the Atlantic. The charm of Miss Barlow's style, the chief one, lies in its conservatism, so to speak. One can easily perceive the naturalness of her descriptions of scenery and the truthfulness of the dialogue of the people introduced to the reader. There is no straining after effect, no forced attempts at the humorous. On the contrary, the characters appear to be studies from life

sketched as the true artist would sketch them, without exaggeration and over-coloring. In the fourteen stories in her new "creel," Miss Barlow has given her public the most satisfactory pictures of Irish peasant life imaginable. Whether humorous or pathetic, or both, she carries conviction as to the reasonableness of the events depicted. "From the Land of the Shramrock" is a worthy addition to modern Irish folklore. [Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City. Price \$1.50.]

"The Girl and the Governor," by Charles Warren, is a book which ought to interest professional politicians, society people and lovers of love-stories. The Governor in the case, Robert Clinton, is an ideal character, as becomes a hero, and each chapter, a complete story in itself, brings out his characteristics, showing his courage, moral and physical, his lighter moods as a school and 'varsity man, his love affairs and his mistakes. In and through all the business (or game?) of politics figures in alto-relievo adding to all other interests that sauce piquant of public life. "The Amalgamated Bill," the first of the series, will vividly recall to MIRROR readers the action taken by another governor in almost identical circumstances, though the action taken in that case was as different as the character of the real and the ideal governors. "The Rehearsal" is another strong story with a moral that any reader may apply. Indeed, the nine chapters, or stories, are all very readable, and the book is one which can be commended for its wholesomeness. The illustrations are cleverly designed, and add to the interest of the work. (Charles Scribners' Sons, New York City. Price, \$1.50.)

Mr. Will H. Low, who has won a high place as a decorator of books, has given a pleasing example of his style as a Shakespearean illustrator. The theme is, "As You Like It," the decorations being in the form of border-pieces, finials, and intermediate cuts printed in carmine. These are all treated in a broadly antique way, harmonizing with the bold, "old-style" typing of the book. Each act has a frontispiece, full-page photogravure, in the soft gray etching tint. They show Mr. Low's artistic ability at its best, and will surely please those "who know their Shakespeare." This dainty edition is prettily bound, and the 'tween cover pages are nicely adorned. It is well adapted for a gift-book. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York City. Price, \$2.50.)

The October issue of *The Hesperian* is in all respects up to the standard of excellence of that quarterly. It has a timely article on "China and the Chinese," "Reminiscences of Pauline Lucca," and the usual amount of editorial comment on science, history, etc. [Alex. N. DeMenil, editor and publisher, 7th and Pine streets, St. Louis.]

LITERARY NOTES.

The "Saturday Review" reviewer has styled Miss Marie Corelli "Jenny Geddes the Second."

"A White Guard to Satan" is the title of an historical novel of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia in 1676, by Miss A. M. Ewell, which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just issued.

"The History of the Higher Criticism of the New Testament," by Henry S. Nash, author of "The Genesis of the Social Conscience," "Ethics and Revelation," etc., has just been published by the Macmillan Company. The aim of the book is to show how the Higher Criticism has

become a necessity, and how the necessity has brought an inspiration.

"The Indian Giver" and "The Smoking Car," two plays by Mr. Howells, add two more examples of his delightful humor to the little series of his comedies and farces already issued.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce a new work on the navy, "The Monitor and the Navy Under Steam," by Lieutenant Frank M. Bennett, U. S. N., which should prove of unusual interest just now.

PORTRAIT PLAYING CARDS.

All the good points that one looks for in a pack of cards can be found in those issued by the Malt-Nutrine department, Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, St. Louis. They are full-sized, round-cornered, indexed, gilt-edged, and each "picture card" has the portrait of one of the heroes of the army or the navy. These are lithographed in the highest style of art and the backs of the cards are also artistically attractive. Such cards, which usually retail for 60 cents, will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents in cash, stamps, postal-note or express order.

TO TAKE OFF A RING.

Most girls who have had baby rings have had trouble in removing them from their fingers. "There is really no necessity for all this ado about removing a tight ring," said a jeweler. "In that, as in everything else, the secret of success lies in knowing how to do it. Here is a recipe that I have found unfailing for removing a tight ring, and there is no painful surgical operation involved, either. Thread a needle flat in the eye, using thread that is strong, but not too coarse. Then pass the head of the needle under the ring. Care, of course, must be used in this, and it would be best to soap the needle before beginning. The needle having been passed through, pull the thread through a few inches toward the hand—so." By this time the jeweler had passed the needle and thread under the ring on his own finger, and was prepared to illustrate the little lecture. "Wrap the long end of the thread around the finger toward

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the nail in this manner. Then take hold of the short end and unwind it—so. The thread, thus pressing against the ring, will gradually remove it, however tight or swollen the finger."

Special offer of ladies' 14-karat gold watches, guaranteed movements, only \$20, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

In Washington, during the last session of Congress, Chauncey M. Depew met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man, and Depew asked him in which battle he had been injured.

"In the last battle of Bull Run, sir," he replied.

"But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?"

"Well, sir," said the man, half apologetically, "after I had run a mile or two, I got careless and looked back."—Wave.



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AT THE PLAY.

Chauncey Olcott is again at the Century. There can be no doubt that his popularity is increasing. He is playing to large sized audiences, and the enthusiasm he inspires, especially among the gods of the gallery, is the genuine stuff. While there is not much to the comedy-drama, "Mavourneen," there are some bits of good acting, and the scenic effects leave nothing to be desired. Mr. Olcott's songs are as sweet and tuneful as ever, and his supporting company deserves special commendation. "Mavourneen" is one of those familiar Irish plays that are commencing to grow venerable. It is a mixture of Irish love, mirth, frolic and characteristic humor. There are also "hairbreadth escapes and moving accidents by flood and field." We meet again our old friends, the typical village priest, the persecuted damsel, the villain, the gallant true-hearted hero. We go through the same old stages of conspiracy, hazards, thrilling climaxes and final happy delivery that used to send cold chills up and down our spinal columns, years ago, when the world was younger and the glamour of life still golden. One must possess the enthusiasm and feelings of adolescence to appreciate such plays as "Mavourneen" adequately. Miss Edith Barker, as the heroine, looks very sweet and dainty. Her innocent, winsome way of smiling is sufficient to make every masculine heart throb a little faster. The costumes, particularly in the second act, are very pretty, and the stately minuet is well received as a pleasant *intermezzo*.

"Qao Vadis," at the Olympic, is an impossible thing, from an aesthetic standpoint. But the crowds that rush to see it make a great show. You can feel those people thrilling to the flubdub of Forrestian rant, it's all very real to the crowd. They enjoy it—so what's the use?

It is in order to say that there is one real live actor in the "Qao Vadis" cast. His name is Edmund D. Lyons, and he plays *Nero*. Lyons can play anything from the heroine to the bull, and play it well. There are too few men like Edmund Lyons on the stage.

The Imperial Theater is a great success. The audiences are densely packed, and enthusiastic! Goodness, they disturb the MIRROR'S editorial tinkery across the street. "The Great Ruby" is a melodrama that does one's heart good. It's the real thing—like George R. Sims used to write in the old days. It is splendidly staged, and Mr. Giffen certainly has the best stock company, outside of New York, at least, in the United States.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

Under the management of Messrs. Dunne and Ryley, the new comedy entitled, "The Night of the 4th," written for the celebrated comedians, Mathews and Bulger, will be presented at the Century Theater next Sunday. The play was written for Mathews and Bulger by Mr. George Ade, the funny man of the Chicago *Record*, and, of course, with a special view to the capabilities and peculiarities of those clever fun-makers. There are forty people in the company, including Wiseman's Male Serenaders, a fine chorus and a *corps de ballet*. In the cast are such notable people as J. Sherrie Matthews, Walter Jones, Helen Merrill, Bessie Tannehill, Norma Whalley (a famous English beauty,) Bertha Durham, Tony Hart, Philip H. Ryley and others.

The reputation of "Way Down East" has preceded it and will insure an immense success for it in St. Louis. It opens at the Olympic, Monday, October 8th, for one week only, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. It appears that

"Way Down East" has had phenomenal runs in New York, seven months at the Manhattan Theater in '99, and a similar run at the Academy of Music this year. The company, managed by William A. Brady, is the one which will appear at the Olympic. "Way Down East" is a drama of laughter and tears, of comedy and pathos—mixed as they are in real life—and played by thoroughly competent people.

"The Great Ruby" has proved from the first that the Imperial Stock Company is equal to the production of the best efforts of modern playwrights. Large audiences at each presentation of this melodrama were delighted, not only with the ability displayed by Mr. Giffen's Company, but also with the splendid mounting of the piece which, to use a common expression, was done regardless of expense. The second bill of the season will be the fascinating, romantic drama "The Wife," by Messrs. Belasco and DeMille. It is a play of sterling merit and the characters will be placed in competent hands. The new bill commences with next Sunday's matinee.

It is Carnival week at the Standard and the "High Rollers" have been duly mindful of the fact, as also have the audiences that throng the people's palace of amusement. There is no aggregation that travels that has a stronger drawing power than the Rollers and they have no warmer friends anywhere on their circuit than the Standard patrons. The coming attraction, commencing with the matinee on Sunday, October 7th, will be the famous "Rose Hill" Company, in their hilarious, musical burlesque with singing, dancing and so forth.

THE ODEON POPS.

The organ recitals have "caught on" at the Odéon. A fine crowd heard Mr. Robyn and his assistants Sunday afternoon and the attendance at the concerts during the week has been far better than the management anticipated.

There is every reason to suppose, now, that a series of Sunday afternoon concerts of popular music at popular prices, would prove profitable, and arrangements are now being made to continue the Sunday matinees indefinitely. Robyn is just the man to please the average public and his selections are all tuneful, so there can be no question of the success of his part of the proposed entertainments. He will be wise, though, in surrounding himself with better material, as some of the vocalists heard during the week are almost entirely devoid of attractive qualities.

Among the enjoyable vocal numbers given at the various concerts were songs by Miss MacClanahan, Mr. James Rohan, Mrs. Fitch, Mr. Branch, Mr. Gale and others.

See the beautiful new Vienna golden cut glass, suitable for wedding gifts and euche prizes at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD.

It is curious at this time of day to find the writer of a letter in the *Spectator* being allowed to revive, without comment, the old legend about an original French version of Wolfe's elegy on "The Burial of Sir John Moore." This writer says it "is not an original composition of the Rev. Mr. Wolfe's, but a very happy and spirited translation from the French of, I think, an unknown writer of lines descriptive of the hasty burial of Colonel de Beaumanoir, killed in the defence of Pondicherry when it was taken by the British under Sir Eyre Coote." As a matter of fact, the writer of the French version is by no means unknown. That version is the work of the ingenious Francis Mahony, commonly called Father Prout. Mahony had an extraordinary apti-

tude for verse translation, and his French rendering of Wolfe's poem appeared in the first number of *Bentley's Miscellany* in 1837. He had previously played a similar jest on Tom Moore, translating some of his verses into Latin or French and then charging him with plagiarism. In the case of Wolfe's elegy, in order to add a touch of personal interest to his version, "Father Prout" invented a mythical Colonel de Beaumanoir, and killed and buried him at Pondicherry. Thus he set going the legend of the original French version "Les Funérailles de Beaumanoir," which a scholar like M. Octave Delepierre accepted without question in his book on Parodies, but which has been scotched and killed more than once. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, by the way, has recently been pleading for a standard text of Wolfe's Poem. On points of punctuation and spelling editors have been very irregular; and sometimes they vary on points more important, as the following alternative versions show:

But half our heavy task was done
When the clock struck } the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant random gun
Of the enemy } suddenly firing.
That the foe was

The version in Archdeacon Russell's "Remains" of Wolfe could, we suppose, be taken as the canonical text.

A Quick Answer: "Paw, what is stage-fright?" asked the boy, opening his bag of popcorn. "Stage-fright?" repeated his father, pointing to a veteran of the chorus; "why, there is one."—*Philadelphia Record*.

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DANGERS OF TRAILING SKIRTS.

Dr. Casagrandi recently read a paper on the danger of trailing skirts before a medical association at Rome. He stated that he had employed a number of women, wearing long skirts, to walk for one hour through the streets of the city, and, after promenade was over, he had taken their skirts and submitted them to a careful bacteriologic examination. He found on each skirt large colonies of noxious germs, including those of influenza, tuberculosis, typhoid fever and tetanus. Numerous other bacilli were also well represented on each skirt. Dr. Casagrandi maintained that in view of these facts, women, and especially mothers, should at once stop wearing long skirts, and the other members of the congress unhesitatingly expressed the same opinion and passed a resolution to this effect. That women should willingly subject themselves to the filth, to say nothing of the possible dangers of trailing skirts, has long been a wonder to sensible people who are acquainted with bacteriology. For street wear they certainly cannot be considered in any sense either cleanly or hygienic. However, we cannot expect reform in this matter until those who set the fashions can be influenced, for women are bound to be in the fashion regardless of any ordinary considerations. There is some encouragement in the fact that at present bicycle skirts and golf skirts are in vogue, and we hope they will become still more popular, for while we are not aware that any previous scientific investigations have been undertaken in this line, any well-informed medical man could have readily predicted the result of such investigation.—*Springfield Republican*.

Society stationery, in all the new tints, with monograms and crests stamped free, at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club building, Locust and Seventh streets.

THE STOCK MARKET.

There has been quite an improvement in stock market values in the past week. Owing to rumors of an approaching settlement of the coal strike, and technical conditions, the volume of buying, for both accounts, increased materially and was well distributed. While there was no enthusiasm, and no expectation of an old-fashioned bull campaign, the feeling among the professional element underwent a decided change for the better, and the belief gained ground that the re-election of President McKinley would be discounted between now and the 6th of November. Judging by the movements of leading stocks, it is logical to assume that buying for short account was principally responsible for the advance, which, in some cases, extended to from 3 to 5 points. The market, as intimated in last week's MIRROR, had been over-sold; the bears had become too numerous and confident, and the bull cliques were thus enabled to engineer a little squeeze. Manipulation was again very much in evidence, especially in Union Pacific common, Big Four common and traction shares. Union Pacific common appears to be the favorite among bull cliques at present, because there is a bullish feeling among the public in relation to this stock. The sharp rise was more artificial than legitimate, and brought about for the purpose of inducing "outsiders" to buy.

Whether the efforts of professional bulls will meet with further marked success remains to be seen. The public is holding aloof, and this attitude will be maintained until the speculative atmosphere has become clearer. Barring the general impression that Bryan will be defeated, and the approaching resumption of work in the gold mines of South Africa, there is practically nothing to inspire hope of a bull campaign in the near future. There are, on the contrary, some very important factors to be cited in favor of the bear position. The depression in the iron and steel industry, decreasing business activity, prospects of dearer money, dwindling bank reserves, and general speculative congestion, both at home and abroad, cannot be regarded as warranting bull activity. Conservative people are, therefore, puzzled, and will not commit themselves, in any pronounced manner.

There is another thing to be drawn into consideration. Suppose that Mr. Bryan should be defeated, yet the Democrats should be able to gain a majority in the Lower House of the next Congress. Would not this be a stand-off? Some time ago a leading financial paper made the rather startling assertion that the loss of the Lower House would be a national calamity. With Congress divided, the Republican administration would be handicapped in every direction, and unable to accomplish further remedial currency legislation.

In view of the above consideration, it is not surprising that Wall Street traders are puzzled, and inclined to adopt a waiting, opportunist policy. While the impression that Republican triumph will be discounted in advance still predominates, many would-be buyers are deterred from backing up their convictions by fears of higher money rates and possible sudden changes in the campaign prospects. That call-loan rates will be materially higher within the next two or three weeks cannot be questioned. The bank reserves in New York are decreasing steadily, and there are some financial authorities who predict that they will drop below

the legal limit of 25 per cent by November the first. Between October 1st and November 10th, 1899, the New York banks lost about \$30,000,000 to the interior. If there should be a similar efflux of currency this year, the borrower of money would find himself in a rather tight and uncomfortable corner, and liquidation, on a large scale, could not be avoided. The loan account of the New York banks is very much inflated, and the prospects of a wild bull movement are, therefore, for the time being at least, very slim.

Traders with optimistic predilections predict that any decided rise in money-rates will be promptly followed by gold imports. In proof of this, they point to the drooping tendency in sterling exchange rates. This argument is good as far as it goes. It has only this, but very important, flaw,—that gold shipments from Europe to the United States would throw the London and Berlin markets into convulsions, and provoke renewed liquidation of our securities by European holders. Gold imports, for this reason, will not be resorted to until all other means of relief have been exhausted. The Bank of England is now losing gold again in large amounts, and continues its firm hold upon the British money market. Discount-rates are slowly rising, and if there should be a drop in sterling exchange in New York, the Bank of England, to prevent gold withdrawals, will at once raise its official rate of discount. So far as South African assistance is concerned, there will be no shipments of gold from the mines for at least three months to come.

A remarkable feature of trading in the past week has been the sharp advance in C., C., C. & St. Louis (Big Four) common. This stock sold at 57 $\frac{3}{4}$ about ten days ago, and is now quoted at 63 $\frac{1}{2}$, while the preferred, usually a very dull and inactive stock, rose to 114. The movement was accompanied by rumors that the property would be absorbed by the New York Central on about the same terms as was the Lake Shore a few years ago. The shares are certainly acting in a peculiar manner, and firmly held. The preferred is now paying 5 per cent and the common 3 per cent. The earnings of the company are satisfactory, as they show a surplus amounting to more than 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the common stock. The Big Four has always been regarded as a Vanderbilt property, although Vanderbilt interests do not control a majority of the shares. Mr. J. P. Morgan is also said to be a big holder of the stock.

The high-priced railroad stocks scored quite a sharp rise, in sympathy with the rest of the market. Burlington advanced from 120 $\frac{1}{4}$ to 124 $\frac{3}{8}$; St. Paul from 111 to 114 $\frac{3}{4}$; Rock Island from 103 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 106 $\frac{1}{4}$; Atchison preferred from 67 $\frac{3}{8}$ to 70 $\frac{1}{8}$; Pennsylvania from 125 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 128 $\frac{1}{8}$ and others accordingly. The movements of Atchison preferred were looked upon with suspicion. At around 70, there was heavy selling, which has since been ascribed to the clique that has for such a long time been active in the shares. The coal stocks experienced quite a sharp rise on reports that the strike in the anthracite regions would be settled in the next few days.

The steel stocks rallied but feebly. It is thought that there is still a big long interest in these issues, and that selling at every little rise prevents any decided improvement. There is no inducement to buy stocks, even at present low prices. Judging by reliable trade reports, prices in the steel industry will go still lower. The reduction in the

17th ANNUAL ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION,

September 17 to October 20, 1900.

TWO AIR-SHIPS WILL FLY DAILY IN COLISEUM.

FOUR CONCERTS DAILY BY SEYMOUR'S FAMOUS 50.

TISSOT'S 450 PAINTINGS OF CHRIST'S LIFE.

Of these paintings Archbishop Corrigan said: "I know in Art nothing more beautiful or better fitted to impress the devout soul. The New York Tribune said: "We are awed by the divinity interpreted in these remarkable works of art." Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis said: "He has unveiled the Christ as a genial, radiant figure, the most lovable person in history." Rev. Warren P. Bihan, of Chicago, said: "Tissot has produced the greatest Biography of Christ."

MARVELOUS ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN

in Coliseum with Living Statues. The most wonderful Electric Fountain ever made. Amateur Photographs, Decorated China Painting, New Exhibits, Belgian Hares, Etc.

ADMISSION TO ALL OF ABOVE, 25c. CHILDREN UNDER 12, 10c; UNDER 6, FREE. Four performances daily in Music Hall of Hopkins' High-Class Vaudeville, 150 Dogs, 20 Ponies, Trained Cats, Adele Purvis Onri, Tille's Marionettes, etc. Admission, 10c, 20c and 30c. In Basement—Mannograph hourly, Sorcho's Deep Sea Divers, Shooting Gallery, Fish Tanks, etc.

THE STANDARD CENTURY

The Vaudeville House of the West.
Night at 8. Matinee Every Day at 2.

HIGH ROLLERS

Extravaganza Co.

The Bill Includes

JOHN H. WEBER,
LUCIA KOOPER,
LUCY MONROE,
CARRIE MONROE,
JAMES COOPER,
MAC REYNOLDS,
AL RAYMOND, and others.

Commencing Sunday Matinee,
October 7,

ROSE HILL.

IMPERIAL

Commencing Sunday Matinee, Oct. 7.
Additional Matinees Thursday and Saturday.
The Imperial Stock Company, Direction
of R. L. Giffen, in Belasco and
De Mille's Beautiful Play,

"THE WIFE."

Splendidly Cast. Beautifully Produced.
Selected as the Second Bill of the Season to
give the artists roles commensurate with their
abilities.

Cherokee Garden

CHEROKEE STREET,

From Iowa to California avenues.

A Cool and Refreshing Resort,

Universally famous for its
SCHMIERKASE.

Convenient to all Street Cars running through
South St. Louis.

prices of steel rails to \$26 has not elicited much business. Many railway officials are expecting a further drop in prices; they say they will not give any important orders for steel rails at above \$21.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There has been a somewhat depressed tendency in the local security market in the past week. While offerings were small, the buying power was not sufficient to absorb them readily. St. Louis Transit stock

THIS WEEK. NEXT SUNDAY.

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

In his Magnificent
Production,

"Mavourneen."

Mats. Wednesday,
Thursday and
Saturday.

PRICES:
25c, 50c, 75c, \$1 00

The Greatest
LAUGH CREATORS

on earth,

Mathews
and
Bulger.

Mats. Wednesday
and Saturday.

OLYMPIC

THIS WEEK. NEXT MONDAY

WHITNEY &
KNOWLES'

QUO
VADIS

Matinees, Wednes-
day, Thursday,
Saturday.

Mr. Wm. A. Brady's
Grand Production

WAY
DOWN
EAST.

Matinees,
Wednesday and
Saturday.

6==RACES==6

Kinloch Park!

RAIN OR SHINE.

Wabash Trains leave Union Station for Kinloch at 1:15 p. m., 1:30 p. m. (Saturdays only), 1:45 p. m. Leave Foot of Olive Street at 11:00 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 1:55 p. m. and 4:15 p. m.

Suburban Trains leave Wells Station every Five Minutes.

Admission, including Round Trip over Wabash Railway, \$1.00

ST. LOUIS TRUST CO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$3,000,000.00

Interest Allowed on Deposits from **2 to 4%**

THOS. H. WEST, President.
HENRY C. HAARSTICK, Vice-Pres't.
JOHN A. SCUDDER, 2d Vice-Pres't.
JOHN D. FILLEY, Secretary.
ALLEN T. WEST, Ass't Secretary.
A. C. STEWART, Counsel.
ISAAC H. ORR, Trust Officer.

Temporary Offices: N. E. Corner Fourth and Pine Streets.

RAILROAD STOCKS AND BONDS,

ALSO

FUTURES IN COTTON,
GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.Bought and sold for cash, or carried
on margin. We are connected by
SPECIAL LEASED WIRES with
the various exchanges.

GAYLORD, BLESSING & CO., 307 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Gaylord, Blessing & Co., stock and bond brokers, 307 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102 -104
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	111 -113
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	111 -113
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	108 -104
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	105 -107
" 3 3/4	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102 -103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1912	112 -113
" 3 3/4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104 -106
" 3 3/4	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104 -106
" St'r'g 4 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107 -109
" (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	108 -109
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	108 -110
" 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	105 -106
" 3 3/4	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	104 -105

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 4	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1901	100 -101
" 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	105 -107
School 5	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1908	100 -102
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	102 -106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108 -105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105 -106

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	70 -80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	101 -103
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	97 -100
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-- 60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101 -103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	90 -95
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99 -101
Kinlock Tel. Co. 6s 1st mtg.	1923	95 -99
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	107 -108
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	115 -116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	113 -115
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115 -118
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1927	90 -92
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	100 1/2 -100 3/4
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	87 -90
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	89 -92
Union Stock Yards 1st 6s	1899	Called
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100 -102
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	98 -101
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -85

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	June '00, 8 SA	198 -202
Boatmen's	100	June '00 8 1/2 SA	183 -188
Bremen Sav.	100	July 1900 6 SA	140 -150
Continental	100	June '00, 8 1/2 SA	169 -171
Fourth National	100	May '00 5p.c. SA	205 -210
Franklin	100	June '00, 4 SA	156 -159
German Savings	100	July 1900, 6 SA	275 -285
German-Amer.	100	July 1900, 20 SA	760 -800
International	100	June 1900 1 1/2 qv	130 -132
Jefferson	100	July 00, 3p.c SA	100 -110
Lafayette	100	July 1900, 8 SA	401 -500
Mechanics	100	Oct. 1900, 2 qv	200 -204
Merch.-Laclede	100	Sept. 1903, 1 1/2 qv	150 -152
Northwestern	100	July 1900, 4 SA	135 -155
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July 1900, 2 1/2 qv	238 -240
South Side	100	May 1900, 8 SA	119 -122
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Apr. 1900, 8 SA	135 -137
Southern com.	100	July 1900, 8	90 -100
State National	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qv	158 -162
Third National	100	July 1900, 1 1/2 qv	146 -148

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Lincoln	100	June '99, S.A. 3	143 -147
Miss. Va.	100	Oct. '00, 2 1/2 qv	289 -291
St. Louis	100	Oct '00, 1 1/2 qv	220 -225
" Union	100	Nov '00	230 -235
Mercantile	100	Oct '00 Mo 75c.	248 -250

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 101 -102
10-20s 5s	Oct. '93 4	100 -
Citizens'...	J. & J.	1907 110 -111
20s 6s	Dec. '88	100 -
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 '05 -107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 108 -109
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1913 116 -118
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115 -117
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105 -126
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	100 -
People's	J. & D.	1912 98 -103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98 -103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100 -
St. L. & E. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103 -107
do 1st 6s	Apr 00 1 1/2 SA	130 -150
St. Louis	M. & N.	1910 100 -101
do 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 100 -102
St. L. & Sub.		75 -78
do Con. 5s	1921 104 -104 1/2	
do Cable & W.L. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117 -120
do Merinac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115 -117
do Incomes 5s		1914 90 -92
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 108 -109
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 109 -111
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107 -108
do 1st 10-20s 6s	J. & D.	1910 100 -102
do 2d 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 128 -125
Mound City 10-20s 6s	J. & J.	1910 103 -104
United Ry's Pfd.	Oct '00 1 1/2	61 -62
" 4 p.c. 50s	J & J	83 -84
St. Louis Transit		17 -18

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	25	Jan. 1900 4 SA	42 -43

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Lin Oil Com.	100		9 -10
" Pfd.	100	Aug. 1900 1 1/2 qv	50 -52
Am. Car-Fdry Co	100	July 1900 1/2	14 -16
" " Pfd	100	July 1900 1 1/2 qv	60 -61
Bell Telephone	100	July 1900 2 qv	138 -141
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	3 -4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar. 1900, MO	125 -135
Consol. Coal	100	July, '97, 1	9 -11
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. 1900, 1/2 MO	25 -135
Granite Bl.-Metal	100		265 -270
Hydraulic P.B. Co	100	July 1900, 1 qv	85 -90
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '89, 1	45 -55
Kennard Com.	100	Feb. 1900 A. 10	103 -107
Kennard Pfd.	100	Feb. 1900 SA 3 1/2	100 -104
Laclede Gas, com.	100	Sept. 1900 2 SA	68 -69
Laclede Gas, pf.	100	June '99 SA	98 -100
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		50 -62
Mo. Edison com.	100		14 -16
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '00 1 1/2 qv	100 -105
Schultz Belting	100	July 00, qv 1 1/2	180 -90
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Feb., 1900, 8 A	115 -118
Simmons do pf.	100	Aug. 1900, 3 1/2 SA	139 -141
Simmons do 2 pf.	100	Sept. 1900	138 -141
St. Joseph L. Co.	10	Sept. 1900 1 1/2 qv	13 1/2 -14 1/2
St. L. Brew Pfd.	10	Jan., '00, 4 p.c.	67 -68 1/2
St. L. Brew. Com.	10	Jan., '99 3 p.c.	63 -64
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept., '94, 4	2 -3
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec., '85, 2	64 -69
St. L. Transfer Co	100	July 1900, 1 qv	110 -115
Union Dairy	100	Aug., '00, 1 1/2 SA	220 -230
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	July '00, qv	180 -181
Westhaus Brake	50	Sept 1900, 7 1/2	

WHITAKER & HODGMAN,

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on
Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST.,

ST. LOUIS.

dropped to 17 1/4 bid, with sales at 18; United Railways preferred is now offered at 62 1/2, ex the 1 1/4 per cent. dividend recently declared; while the 4 per cent. bonds are quoted at 83 60 bid.

Mining stocks relapsed a little; Granite is now quoted at 2 65 bid, 2 67 1/2 asked, while American Nettie is 1.45 bid. The lead stocks are dull and neglected.

Bank and trust company shares show little change in quotations. Merchants-Laclede is 151 bid; St. Louis Trust 220 bid, and 198 25 is bid for American Exchange. There is at present no investment demand for this class of shares.

Bank clearances continue heavy, and money is in good demand, with rates ranging from 5 to 7 per cent. Sterling exchange is lower, being quoted at 4.36 1/4; Paris is 5.16 1/4, and Berlin 95 3/8.

NEWSPAPER RATE BOOK.

The third annual issue of Nelson Chesman & Co's "Rate Book" is a handsome, well-printed, neatly-bound volume of nearly 500 pages. It contains the most useful information regarding the circulation and advertising rates of the leading newspapers and periodicals of the United States and Canada. Nelson Chesman & Co., have been in business in St. Louis for a quarter of a century and during that time have earned an excellent reputation for honest methods in their dealings with publishers and advertisers.

HALL CAINE TRICKED.

Mr. Hall Caine, writes Mr. Peter Keary, has every reason to hate the American journalist, for once he told me a story I could hardly credit, yet I heard it confirmed last month in New York by the man who instigated it.

Just as Mr. Hall Caine was leaving the States on his last visit, a certain murderer was about to be executed. The novelist received a letter from him saying that during imprisonment he had been allowed to read "The Christian," and would like to meet the author. The book had done him much good; the writer could, perhaps, give him some words of comfort during the last few hours he had to live. Mr. Hall Caine went, he talked to the man, he even prayed with him, and kissed him on the forehead before he left.

Two illustrated pages of this interview appeared in a New York paper next day. I,

seemed the editor had promised the prisoner \$1,000 for his family if he would carry out a certain plan, and he did it. Mr. Hall Caine fell into the trap. I heard this story from Hall Caine some time ago; I heard it last month by the man who projected it.

It was the same paper that put the lie into Mr. Hall Caine's mouth that he was like Jesus Christ and Shakespeare. Mr. Caine never said any such thing.

A BRITISH BUNKO.

Visitors to Glasgow should be careful not to allude to the first sword of honor which was presented by the citizens to Major-General Hector MacDonald. Reference is made to the first sword because there were two, and the original presentation recalls painful memories as the following story will show. It will be remembered that when "Fighting Mac" returned home from Egypt after the battle of Omdurman, the citizens of Glasgow presented him with a sword of honor in recognition of gallant services given for his country, and the duty of selecting the sword was entrusted to a committee of three. Among the applicants for the contract was one MacDonald, and partly with the idea of giving the work to a fellow clansman of the distinguished soldier, he obtained the order, the price agreed upon being £250. In due time the sword—a magnificent gold hilted specimen—was duly presented, and the general took it with him to India. When in South Africa he chanced, in packing, to break the hilt of the sword. Upon sending it to a jeweler at Cape Town the general was amazed to learn that the hilt was of far baser metal than gold, and that the entire sword, scabbard and all, was not worth more than £7. The sequel is still more painful. When the selection committee were informed of the jeweler's opinion they hurried across to the business premises of the other MacDonald, only to find the shutters up and the "clansman" flown. Then it leaked out that the committee had never seen the alleged contractor MacDonald at all, nor had they previously by ocular proof even established the fact of his existence. They had, instead, conducted negotiations with a well-dressed gentle youth who said he "represented" MacDonald. The committee of three are having a new sword of honor made for their favorite soldier at their own expense, and they are trying hard to forget the first one.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST COMPANY

Capital and Surplus, \$6,500,000.

4% PAID ON SAVINGS DEPOSITS.

DIRECTORS.

Elmer B. Adams,	August Gehner,	Thomas O'Reilly, M. D.,
Williamson Bacon,	Geo. H. Goddard,	H. Clay Pierce,
Charles Clark,	S. E. Hoffman,	Chas. H. Turner,
Harrison I. Drummond,	Breckinridge Jones,	J. C. Van Blarcom,
Auguste B. Ewing,	Sam. M. Kennard,	Julius S. Walsh,
David R. Francis,	Wm. F. Nolker,	Rolla Wells,
Moses Rumsey,	Wm. D. Orthwein,	

BOSTON'S MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP

Those enthusiastic reformers who see the millennium just ahead, when the municipality has assumed the ownership of public utilities may well take an object lesson from the plight of Boston. A little over two years ago that city entered upon the experiment which was widely described at the time. Under a new Mayor, Josiah Quincy, there was instituted what was heralded as a model city government, whose employees should themselves do the work which elsewhere was done by contract or through private firms. A bureau was established for carpentry; another for repair work; a third for electrical construction; there was a bureau for printing and stationery, a veterinary bureau, and one for every other thing imaginable. The city had its own water works, its own light plant, and even its own ice plant. Wheelwrights, blacksmiths, painters, and a whole army of labor were all employed by the city. Boston was, in fact, converted into as near a resemblance to Bellamy's socialistic Utopia as could be expected. The city, it was confidently believed, would save the large profits wrung from the treasury by dishonest contractors and corporations, and the world was to stand at gaze. But the beautiful theory has proved itself a delusion and a snare. The exposure of the failure of the scheme came suddenly and unexpectedly. Last December T. N. Hart, a practical business man and banker, was elected Mayor. Soon after he took his seat he was called upon to sign some vouchers for city work and was astonished at the estimates of cost for material and labor. These were so far in excess of current rates that he began a quiet investigation, with the result that one after another the much belauded city departments have been closed as hopelessly extravagant. A few figures may not be out of place. The cost of a job of electrical fitting for the ferry boats, operated by the city, figured at current rates for material and labor, should have been six thousand eight hundred dollars. As a matter of record it cost ten thousand two hundred. Another bit of electrical work, the fitting of a city building for hospital nurses, should have cost one thousand five hundred and twenty-eight dollars. It actually came to four thousand seven hundred and fifty-four. Work on the city armory, which would have cost at private contract less than two thousand six hundred dollars was charged at six thousand seven hundred. The municipal ice plant was one of the pet schemes of public-spirited enterprise, but it was revealed that the ice furnished by the Water Department was costing sixty dollars per ton as against the two or three dollars for which it could have been furnished by local companies. If a customer could have been found for the printing plant it would have been speedily disposed of, for some investigations into the cost of its operation brought out the fact that outside parties would have done far better work at least twenty-five per cent less than the prices charged. Instead of saving money, Boston is almost hopelessly in debt, over four times the limit fixed by the State Legislature, the excess having been borrowed under special act. The interest on this debt, with sinking fund payments, now amounts to more than the entire amount annually raised by taxation for all city purposes outside of school expenditure. In spite of these disastrous revelations, there has been no embezzlement or dishonesty which call for law pro-

ceedings. There are vouchers to account for all sums spent. The failure of the scheme is laid entirely to political interference. The pay rolls of the different bureaus were loaded down with the names of superfluous employees, many of them utterly incompetent, and the heads of the departments were powerless to resist lest their appropriations should be cut off and their work hampered. On paper, many of the departments were self-supporting, but in order to make a satisfactory showing it was necessary to charge prices often three and four times as high as private firms would ask for the same work. Boston had a civil service law which might have been expected to interpose some obstacle to the employment of superfluous and inefficient men. But civil service is very different in practice from what it is believed to be in theory. Applicants for employment as skilled workers or ordinary employees could be required to furnish evidence of fitness, and their compensation could be fixed by law, but many applications were made for service under trades which there was no reasonable expectation that the city would ever need and consequently no provision was made for examination. It was a frequent occurrence for some one to make such a request, and to be registered by the civil service commission as a matter of form. Immediately thereafter a request would be made for such a workman. Thus it was discovered that among those employed on clerical work were found men entered as coppersmith, ship caulker, or expert swimmer. There were also sailors, dialmakers, miners, stone-cutters, riggers, spicers, wire men, rod men, rubbergasket makers. It is said that every trade or profession except expert balloonist and skilled animal-trainer was represented somewhere, and these failed only because they had not occurred to any of the aspiring tax-eaters. Municipal ownership is still a beautiful theory. It might have been a success if carried out on strictly business principles, but whether any city government is capable of trying the experiment without submitting to the interference of practical politicians is doubtful. Meanwhile, as one commentator states it, "As compared with the political conditions in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, or San Francisco, Boston political methods are popularly supposed to be as pure as the most widely advertised brand of toilet soap."

THE HALL OF WASTED THINGS.

At the Castle of Men's Sorrows, in the Hall of Wasted Things,
Are broken old betrothals, and old betrothal rings,
And long-forgotten kisses, and old letters never sent,
And heartstrings of young lovers that faithless ones have rent,
And long-since burnt-out passions, and the fires of wasted loves,
And cast-off maidens' ringlets, and pairs of maidens' gloves,
And smiles that men have treasured, and sweet glances gone astray,
And broken words of lovers, and hours of many a day.
Now with these I'd fain deposit some few things of my own—
Some paltry, wasted trifles that some one has outgrown:
This tiny, battered locket, and this bit of gem-set gold,
And the love I've left unspoken, and the love I may have told;
May they lie and be forgotten, where the gray-robed angel sings—
The Angel of Oblivion, in the Hall of Wasted Things.

Eugene Herbert MacLean, in *Life*.

MAN PROPOSES, BUT.—

It is surprising, in this scientific age, that no organized method has been introduced in such an important matter as asking a girl to say yes. While, in other directions, we are systematizing our lives more and more, lovers, who in the majority of cases have had no previous experience, are allowed to blunder along in the most aimless and inconsequential and fruitless manner.

Not that we should depart from the laudable incoherency, that delightful toolishness, which are ever-recurring symptoms of a world-wide malady. Indeed, these emotions are entitled to the utmost respect. Though inexplicable, they are none the less inevitable; though apparently incongruous, they are none the less necessary, and should be recognized, sifted into their component parts and developed along established evolutionary lines.

Just as there are good and evil in the world, so there are successful and unsuccessful proposers. It is doubtless our constant endeavor—within our dim lights—to reduce the unsuccessful to a minimum, nay, to a total eclipse. But to get the highest result, the necessity for following certain prescribed rules is not always duly perceived. This knowledge is of slow growth, but we must make a beginning some time.

Temperament, worldly standing, age, intellectualities in love affairs are all subjects too big to grasp at one handling. We may hope now only to indicate modes of proposing and their relations to the end in view.

It is a threadbare fact that an element of foolishness enters into all love matters, and as we examine this element, its transcendence importance becomes plain.

When we see an ill-favored, wizened, insignificant, will-o'-the-wisp of a man united to a quivering mountain of a woman—both living in that absolute harmony of soul-fusion which is the despair of mere material intellects—we gasp, and wonder what magic, what mystery of affinities, drew these two together. What did he say to get her? What did he do that she should (figuratively) fall into his arms?

In truth, he won her by the measure of his incapacity, and this is the secret of love's success.

What a man's inherent, recondite strength is, the woman always knows. It is an insult to her intuitive woman's mind for him to display it to her at critical moments. She measures—and always accurately—the depth of his love by the height of his idiocy. Herein, somewhere, is the key to the citadel.

To win the maiden of his choice, then, a man must be, for the time, a very proper fool. This might not be a difficult rule—many have a natural gift in this direction—were it not that a particular kind of foolishness is essential.

There is a fine, special strain of idiocy, not natural, not always achieved by patience, but seemingly spontaneous, complete, leaving nothing to be desired, that the true lover vaunts as his own particular attribute. How, by premeditation, by design, by conquest of hitherto unknown sources of power, may this be attained?

The time is short. While you are planning, arranging, sorting your emotions, laying out ways and means of attack, lo! the other fellow has come and taken her away.

Is this, then, to admit our case to be altogether hopeless? To state that love, so evanescent, may not be reduced to a system? Never!



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Your other lover—alas for him!—has succeeded the first time. You, the unhappy, the truly agonized, more fortunate defeated rival remain, the world before you. To succeed the first time! That is lasting failure.

Yet err not upon the other side, and acquire a habit of frequent proposing without tangible result. This is the last end of man—to be rejected without pain.

There is a point somewhere along this road, between the first providential failure and what might be the last sad success, where a man has the right to propose and to be accepted. Idiocy has come to him in its true solution. He is then the right kind of a fool. And when he finds this spot, let him strike while the iron is white—he has earned lasting peace.—Tom Masson, in *New York Life*.

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SHALL WE BE INDIANS?

It is perhaps presumptuous for ordinary mortals to dispute an expectation of a professor of anthropology in the University of Chicago, but when Dr. Frederick Starr, of that institution, launches the opinion that the physical environment of the North American continent will make us, our heirs and assigns, all red Indians after awhile, the hour for presumption has arrived. He has measured the cheek bones of 5,000 Pennsylvania Dutch children, and has found lengthening faces, heightening cheek bones and a general tendency toward the reproduction of aboriginal features. Moreover, he says the French of Paris distinguish Americans from Englishmen already by the resemblance of the former to Indians, with whom the French are, of course, intimately acquainted.

It has been supposed by the rest of us who are unenlightened by the special brand of scientific environment taught in the University of Chicago, that artificial environment tended continually to overcome the impress of natural surroundings. The continual advance of the American people toward a higher civilization, with its accompanying power of developing rounded and normal character and multiplying its opportunities through better wages for labor, better homes, better schools and better conditions of every kind, must necessarily bring about a profound modification of the aboriginal type. The great diversity of races and climates to be found in the United States makes any generalization from a single race type to another single race type decidedly imperfect.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Little Elmer:—"Papa, what's a stock company?" *Prof. Broadhead:*—"A stock company, my son, is usually a small body of men entirely surrounded by water."

Have your old-fashioned marquise rings changed into the new and becoming princess rings at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Locust and Seventh street.

AN UNBELIEVER.

They say the world is growing worse,
I don't believe it, though;
They say men worship but the purse,
I don't believe it, though;
They say that greatness is no more,
That all the wise have gone before
And only trouble is in store—
I don't believe it, though.

They say there are no saints to-day,
I don't believe it, though;
They say we tread a downward way,
I don't believe it, though;
They say there's only gloom ahead,
They say that all the knights are dead,
They say men's sweetest joys are fled—
I don't believe it, though.

Men had their troubles long ago,
And that's what I believe;
The Lord still loves us here below,
And that's what I believe;
Old Homer, of the sightless eyes,
And Caesar lie 'neath other skies,
But greater men than they will rise,
And that's what I believe.

The world grows fairer day by day,
And that's what I believe;
The good have not all passed away,
And that's what I believe;
Though many a one we loved is gone,
Fond hearts and true are beating on!
The happiest days are still to dawn,
And that's what I believe.

S. E. Kiser, in the Chicago Times-Herald.

FARTHEST NORTH.

Prince Luigi Almedeo, of Savoy-Aosta, Duke of the Abruzzi and nephew of the late King Humbert of Italy, has gained a place nearer the North Pole than was ever reached before. A telegram from Tromsø, Norway, announced, recently, that the Duke's party reached a point in latitude 86 deg. 33 min. north, while Nansen's record was latitude 86 deg. and 14 min. The Duke, who is 27 years old, and has already made a name for himself as a mountain climber, left Christiania on June 12th, 1899, on the *Stella Polare*, which was laden with 350 tons of coal and 250 tons of provisions—the latter including packages of first, food; second, clothing and equipments; third, scientific instruments; and fourth, "useful, but not indispensable" instruments. These were packed in such a way as to be easily carried by a single person. The crew consisted of 18 men and 120 dogs. The Duke's plan of reaching the Pole differed from Nansen's. The latter chose the longest route through the open sea or by letting himself drift with the ice, and trusting to the strength of the *Fram*, to withstand the strain. The Duke, however, made only a limited use of the *Stella Polare*, and intended to push on toward his goal in sleds. The log of his ship shows that after eleven months she drifted to latitude 86 deg. 33 minutes, but it is not clear from the dispatches whether this was reached by the boat or the landing party. One side of the vessel had been stove in, and it was with difficulty that she was kept afloat. On the return the ship lay for eleven months in latitude 82, while food became scarce and some dogs had to be eaten. Three of the crew died and the Duke had his fingers frost-bitten. Otherwise the party suffered comparatively little.

A HEALTHY BABY.

A perfectly healthy baby sleeps a great deal of the time during the first few months of its life, and when it is asleep it wears an expression of absolute and blissful repose. The little eyelids are completely closed, the

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you know less about the science and practice of advertising than we do, you cannot fail to be the gainer by an interview, and it will afford us pleasure to show you the machinery of an up-to-date advertising plant. We can then explain how a "follow-up" system has greatly increased the profits of our customers, and enlarged our own business, so that we occupy five times the office space that we did a year ago.

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lips very slightly parted and the breathing rhythmic and scarcely to be heard. There is no visible movement of the nostrils in the healthy baby while sleeping.

When a young baby sleeps with the eyelids incompletely closed, so that the whites of the eyes show, be sure that something is wrong. When the baby's rest is broken by pain, even a colic, the eyelids will twitch and the eyes will not completely close. But the same symptoms indicate often the appearance of a severe illness, so that the mother should always be on guard.

When the baby contracts its brows while asleep it is an indication of pain in the head. When there is a sharpness of the nostrils it is a sign that the baby has a pain around the regions of the chest, and when the upper lip is drawn in sleep there is pain in the abdomen.

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FEW SMALL DETAILS.

Mrs. Sylvanlott: "Dear, it is so distressing that I should have this headache when Delia is away—and I don't expect her until to-morrow morning, and there are a few small matters—"

Mr. Sylvanlott: (reassuringly): "Oh, that need not disturb you, sweetheart. I can easily arrange things for the night if you'll just tell me what you wish done. I have cleared the dining-table."

Mrs. Sylvanlott: "How nice of you! Did you put the butter on the ice?"

Mr. Sylvanlott: "I did."

Mrs. Sylvanlott: "Well, bring up a pitcher of ice water and some matches."

Mr. Sylvanlott: "All right."

Mrs. Sylvanlott: "And set out the little china jar for the condensed milk and the covered can for the other milk."

Mr. Sylvanlott: "Yes."

Mrs. Sylvanlott: "And don't forget to double-lock the back door."

Mr. Sylvanlott: "No, I won't."

Mrs. Sylvanlott: "Close the front shutters—and you must be careful about that side window clasp—it is apt to spring back. You'd better wedge the screw-driver in at the side of the sash for safety."

Mr. Sylvanlott: "Very well."

Mrs. Sylvanlott: "Empty the water tin that slides under the refrigerator, and be sure to shut the door into the cellar."

Mr. Sylvanlott: "I'll attend to it."

Mrs. Sylvanlott: "And I think you would better fill my small alcohol lamp."

Mr. Sylvanlott: "Is that all?"

Mrs. Sylvanlott (considering): "Ye-es. That's all. You might bring up a lemon, and an extra glass, and my black and white breakfast shawl."

Mr. Sylvanlott (going): "I'll do so."

Mrs. Sylvanlott: "A moment, dear! Please hang the bird cage on that highest hook and open the middle window about a handbreath."

Mr. Sylvanlott: "Well?"

Mrs. Sylvanlott: "Oh! and do give those poor cats some milk. Put the big cat into the back yard and let the kitten stay in. Pull out two dampers in the range and take one lid off. And if you'll just lock the closet and slip the key under the yellow rug—"

Mr. Sylvanlott: "The yellow rug? Yes."

Mrs. Sylvanlott: "Don't neglect to shut the front gate—and—and—dear! I'm so glad I thought of it! The rubber-plants on the front stoop. You can roll them into the hall."

Mr. Sylvanlott: "That's what I'll do."

Mrs. Sylvanlott: "Remember to turn all the gas off, and don't forget to wind the clock."

Mr. Sylvanlott (with the calmness of desperation): "Is there anything else?"

Mrs. Sylvanlott (sweetly): "Nothing else downstairs. Thank you so much! When you come up I shall ask you to—"

(Exit Mr. Sylvanlott precipitately) —
Madeline Bridges in Saturday Evening Post.

The teacher of the Senior Fourth Class gave this sentence to his pupils for correction: "The toast was drank in silence," and seeing an expression of supreme confidence on one face, called upon the youngster for his correction. The boy was evidently not conversant with the manners and customs of diners-out, and his correction "The toast was eaten in silence," quite flabbergasted the pedagogue.

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KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

CLERICAL JESTS.

In "Lighter Moments," a collection of short stories by the late Bishop Walsham How, one gets some quaint anecdotes of the religious variety. Following are specimens:

The late Canon Lyttelton of Gloucester, when rector of Hagley, was fond of scientific teaching and formed a class in his school for physiology. After a few lectures he received a letter from the mother of one of his pupils, saying: "Reverend sir, please not to teach Susan anything more about her inside; it makes her so proud."

A young clergyman was accused by his vicar of using too long words in preaching "felicity" being given as an example. He was sure every one understood the word, so the vicar called up an old woman and asked her if she knew what felicity meant. She said: "Beant it summat in the inside of a pig?"

Bishop Wilberforce used to tell a story of a Scotch minister who always regulated his grace before meat by the prospect before him. If he saw a sumptuous table he began: "Bountiful Jehovah," but if the fare was less tempting he began: "Lord, we are not worthy of the least of Thy mercies."

Fine diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Speaking of actors, I supped with a jolly crowd of them the other night, and heard some quips and stories that struck me as being very good. Wilton Lackaye was with us, and told a gem on himself to the credit of Nat Goodwin. It happened at a big feast at the Lamb's Club. Lackaye, a brilliant speech-maker, with or without notes, had on this occasion prepared an address, and it was a wonder. At its conclusion there was that strenuous silence that prefaces the genuine applause. And the silence was broken by the voice of Goodwin, in mock appreciation, crying:

"Author! Author!"—News-Letter.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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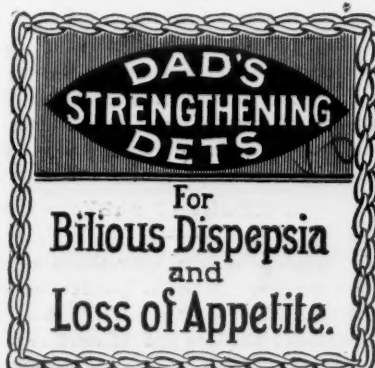
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INFANTS' WEAR.

Second Floor.

- Infants' Long Cloaks, made of good quality Bedford Cord, collar trimmed with fancy ribbon, now.....\$1.50
- Infants' Flannel Sacques, collar and sleeves embroidered in silk, now..... 55c
- Infants' Flannel Skirts, finished with silk scallop, made full width and length, now.....89c

Rug Department.

- 9x12-foot Brussels Carpet Rugs that were \$12.50, now..... \$9.50
- 9x12-foot best grade Brussels Carpet Rugs, all fine patterns that were \$17.50, now.....\$12.50
- 9x12-foot fine quality Wilton Velvet Rugs, very rich in color effects, were \$25.00, now.....\$14.98
- 10-6x12-foot finest quality Axminster Carpet Rugs, the very swellest designs ever produced, were \$27.50, now..... \$19.50

SILKS! SILKS!

- Another lot of those Stripe, Plaid and Check Silks; these silks will discount anything that was ever offered in St. Louis for the money; all pure silk, well worth 75c.....39c
- Fancy Corded Silk for waists; an 85c quality.....59c
- Black Silk from the great sale of Townsend & Moulant, high-grade quality, 23-inch double warp Black Taffeta; \$1.00 quality for.....69c
- 22-inch Double Warp Black Satin Duchesse, best quality, regular \$1.90 quality, for.....\$1.15
- 21-inch Black Faille Francaise, all pure silk, regular \$1.50 quality, our price.....98c
- 22-inch Black Silk Regence, very fine quality, regular \$1.75 quality, our price.....98c
- 21-inch Black Brocaded Silk Luxor, extra fine quality, \$1.90 quality, for.....\$1.00
- Black Silk Armure, heavy quality, regular \$1.69 quality, our price.....98c

Men's New Fall and Winter Overcoats.

- Men's Single-breasted, fly-front, Oxford Cheviot Overcoats, latest style, best Italian Cloth linings; actual value \$9.00, special.....\$6.98
- Men's Single-breasted, fly-front, Blue Kersey Overcoats, stylish garments, made equal to best custom-work, actual value \$12.00, special.....\$9.50
- Mens' extra quality, blue, black and brown All-wool Kersey Overcoats, single-breasted, fly-front beautifully tailored and finished, best grade trimmings; actual value \$15.00, special.....\$11.50

Black Dress Goods.

- 36-inch All-wool Cheviot Storm and Nun's Serge, regular price 55c, at.....39c
- 36-inch English Pierola Cloth, raised effect, 75c quality, at.....49c
- 50-inch All-wool French Camel's-hair Cheviot and Whipcords, \$1.00 quality, at.....69c
- 44-inch All-wool Melrose Pernelle Satin Berber, Velour, Venetian and Satin Soliel, \$1.35 and \$1.50 quality, at.....\$1.00
- 42-inch English Mohair Crepon; our own importation, bought to sell at \$1.50, at.....98c

Knit Underwear.

Big drives in Ladies' and Children's Fall and Winter Knit Underwear.

- Ladies' fleece-lined Jersey Ribbed Maco Cotton Vests, silk trimmed, pearl buttons, pants to match, worth 39c.....25c
- Ladies' all-wool red Medicated Vests, silk trimmed, pearl buttons, pants to match, sizes 30 to 44; worth \$1.50..\$1.00
- Ladies fast black Wool Tights, closed or open, silk trimmed; worth much more.....90c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50
- Children's Jersey Ribbed $\frac{3}{4}$ -wool Vests and Pants, silk trimmed, pearl buttons; extra good value; according to size.....43c, 45c, 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ c and 50c

HOSIERY.

Ladies' and Children's Fall and Winter Hosiery.

- Ladies' fine all-wool Hose, merino heel and toe, also double fleece-lined cotton, worth 50c and 35c; this week.....35c and 25c
- Children's ribbed all-wool Hose, merino heels and toes, full regular made; worth 20c and 25c, choice.....10c
- Boys' extra heavy fast black Cotton Hose, rough rider, full regular made, sizes 6 to 10 $\frac{1}{2}$; worth 35c, per pair.....25c

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" Indianapolis	2:50 pm	6:10 pm	4:05 am
" Cincinnati	6:00 pm	9:05 pm	7:30 am
Ar. Columbus	8:00 pm	1:45 pm	11:40 am
Ar. Cleveland	10:05 pm	1:50 am	2:30 pm
" Buffalo	2:55 am	6:18 am	7:30 pm
" NEW YORK	2:55 pm	6:00 pm	8:00 am
Ar. BOSTON	4:50 pm	9:05 pm	10:34 am

EQUIPMENT.

THROUGH SLEEPERS } St. Louis to New York.
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DINING CARS, } St. Louis to New York.
St. Louis to Boston.

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Lv. BOSTON.....2:00 pm
Ar. ST. LOUIS.....9:45 pm Next Day.

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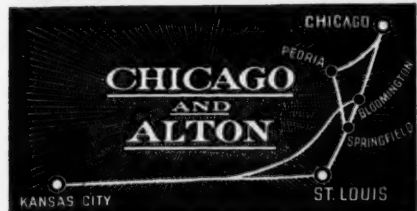
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